

# POEMS:

OR, A

MISCELLANY

OF

Sonnets, Satyrs, Drollery, Panegyrics, Elegies, &c.

AT THE

Instance, and Request of several Friends, Times, and Occasions, Composed; and now at their command Collected, and Committed to the Press.

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By the Author, M. Stevenson. *K*

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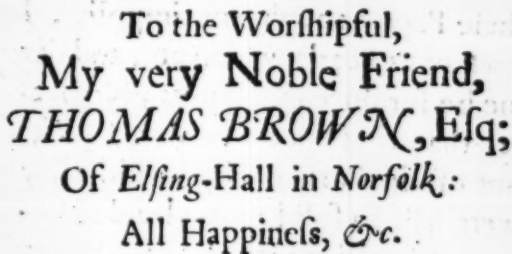
*Qui capit, ille facit.*

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SIR,

**T**O present so generous a *friend* such a Trifle, such a Farce of Folly, in return of Favours, of such Value as Yours, were to deal with You as an *Indian*; Glass, for Gold; shadowes for substances: My blushes sure (if I have any left?) must needs detect the treachery of my traffick; and, for a Cheat, ex-

A 3

plode

# EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

plode me *Elsing*-Hall, (which hath hitherto been my *Indies*) whil'st these Papers rough and impolite, I present as Pearls, which are, and let me be for once ingenuous; No better than those petty Pebbles, I pickt out of the Park Beck, would they were half so solid, or so clear! However, *Sir*, deigne it acceptance, may be I have told You the worst, if nothing else prevailes? You'l find in it the beauteous brace of *Elsing*, which will, I am confident, be so far my sweet and amiable Advocates, You cannot but accept it for their sakes, if not his, whose highest ambition aims but at the Honour of continuing,

S I R,  
Your lowest Servant,  
*M. Stevenson.*





To the Accomplish'd, and his  
Ingenious Friend,  
Mr. MATTHEW STEVENSON,  
On His Facetious *Poems*.

**T**ell me no more of Lawreated *Ben,*  
*Shakespear,* and *Fletcher,* once the *wiser men.*  
Their *A&s* ('tis true) were Sublime! yet I see  
They'r all Revisedly compos'd in Thee.  
Here the sworn Critick, Ideot, and Huff,  
Shall bite their Fingers, swear they have enough;  
Whilst that the Learned and Sagacious Wit,  
Shall speak thy worth, 'tis excellent well writ;  
So that thy *Poems*, justly stiled, runs,  
Not defunct *Johns*, but living *Stevensons*.

*Arth. Tichborne.*

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# Poems.

*To the fair Madam M. H. at*

*Sharington-Hall in Norfolk.*

**I** Nspire Me now or never (Muse)  
 My Theme is higher than its use  
 And yet, unless Her Self inspire,  
 My Muse and I are ne're the Higher.  
 Fancy sublime thy self, and raise  
 Some rapture, 'tis an *Angel's* praise;  
 I can a due to Great Ones give,  
 But She is a Superlative;

B

What's

What's writ of Her must be exprest  
 Above my Self a Sphear at least ;  
 Others, ( and that too may suffice )  
 I serve with single Sacrifice :  
 But to her Altar he that comes,  
 Can bring no less than heccatombs.  
 Ten thousand Hearts may Sacrifice—  
 And burn themselves in her bright Eyes.  
 Her Face is a perpetual *May*,  
 And fairer than *Jove's* milky way.  
 Something there's in't does ravish Me,  
 But I cannot tell what 'tis I see :  
 For, if I cou'd define the bliss ;  
 Alas ! it were not what it is.  
 Her Soul does through her Body shine,  
 And makes the whole, wholly Divine :  
 Her Ingenuity is such  
 Impossible to praise too much :  
 Nor had my Language been so free,  
 But here's no fear of flattery :  
 For, when I've done, I've sed no more  
 Than all that knew Her, knew before.  
 Go number all the Stars of Heaven ;  
 Her praises, and those Stars are even.  
 I might her Trophies higher rear,  
 And truly too, but I forbear  
 Lest if Her Fame be further hurl'd  
 I make a Bonfire of the World ;

Some

Some happier Pen, his own and virtue's Friend  
Come and Begin Her Praises where I End.



*To my Lord B.*

**I** Never had, as yet, the grace,  
My *Lord* to see Your Honors Face.  
And yet I know You, by that *Name*,  
Spreads and perfumes the Wings of Fame.  
A *Name* that may (as well as She)  
Pretend to an Ubiquity.  
For Your Extraction, 'tis so High,  
As it transcends my Heraldry;  
But, what is Higher yet than it,  
You are the Prodigy of Wit,  
Which does You to the World evince,  
By Birth a *Lord*, by Parts a *Prince*.  
I might say more, but this is such,  
Troth, I'm afraid I've sed too much.



*To the Boy that brought up the  
Bottles of bad Wine.*

**B** Astard to *Bacchus*, *Pluto's* Ganymed !  
 Is this your Sack? Dam' ye 'tis pald, 'tis dead,  
 'Tis flat, 'tis worse, 'tis horspox'd with a stum  
 Beneath the Vault of *Vinuperium*.  
 Faugh ! bring such paultry Porters wash to me  
*Tartar*, take heed, I'll lay ye by the Lee,  
 (*Rat*) I will Thee into the Bunghole drive  
 And *Digby*-like ingredient Thee alive,  
 With Snakes and Vipers by my Chymick craft,  
 And quaff thy Youth up for my Mornings draft.  
 But, if your Master shall in fault appear ?  
 As seldom Vintner but's Adulterer :  
 Then, firrah, you shall run and press a Carr,  
 Mean while I'll sentence him at his own Barr ;  
 Yet, if he wou'd another Vintage live ?  
 (A perroll that my patience scarce can give)  
 Let him run down, and draw me in a trice,  
 Sack he to *Bacchus* self would sacrifice :  
 A Flowe. that no rare property may lack,  
 Sprightly, and Unctious, Rich, and Racie Sack,  
 Sack

Sack that wou'd make the gods of old so crank  
 To swear, till now, they never *Nectar* drank:  
 Then shall his House and Cellar have my praise  
 And for a *Bush*, I'll give Him my own *Bayes*.



*Upon Madam A. C. a fair  
 Lady that dyed of the Small-Pox.*

**S**O the unruly Blood did over-boil,  
 That beauty is it self become a toil.  
 The furious Feaver all advantage takes,  
 And thus a shadow of a *Sun*-beam makes.  
 Her crystal checks, that challeng'd once all praise  
 Are now berainbow'd with refracted *Rayes*.  
 Forme! yet forbear, and not a reason ask,  
 Since Heaven is pleas'd to put thee on this *mask*;  
 Let no repining open any Lips,  
 Shall Heaven the Sun, and not thy Face Eclipse?  
 Heaven has revok'd the radiance that he gave,  
 Where *Love* had once his *Throne*, has now his *grave*.

Not but her Soul, that Spark Immortal, burns  
 Bright in Dark-Lanterns, or obscurer Urnes,  
 Whose forme, though faded, and her Face uneven,  
 Through this red-lattice found the way to heaven.

What though distempers moulder the Mud-wall,  
 Captives are ransom'd where the Prisons fall.  
 Was it not time to quit that batter'd Fort,  
 Where every Pimple was a Sally-port?  
 But she has ended now her Christian wars,  
 And thus in triumph carrys off her scars.



*Upon John Robinson, a pretty  
 Witty Boy, that never Suckt.*

**S**Ee here what rarely comes to pass,  
 A Babe that never Suckling was.  
 No Milk did ever Him refresh,  
 But such as he might eat, the flesh:  
 His Mothers breast oft made him quiet;  
 Yet, as his Pillow, not his Diet.  
 His Infancy He so out-ran,  
 That *Adam* like, He was born Man.  
 Within a Year, or such a Space  
 His Feet and Tongue kept equal pace;  
 His Understanding, *had it room*,  
 Had spoken in *his* Mothers Womb.  
 Where he in silence liv'd, until  
 His Organs cou'd pronounce his will.

His



His Face presents in every thing  
 A lively Landskip of the *Spring*.  
 He that for *June* or *July* seeks,  
 No *Almanack* needs, but his cheeks;  
 When brisker *Rayes* shoot from his *Eyes*,  
 'Tis *May*, and *April* when he cries.  
 For roundness, and complexion,  
 His Face is just an *Apple-John*.  
 His *Locks* are *Gold*, and every *Haire*,  
 Nature has curl'd into a snare.  
 His *Body* is all over bright,  
 As *Pelop's* shoulder, Heavenly white;  
 And as it is as white as *Milk*,  
 It is again as soft as *Silk*.  
 Say, have ye not in *Temples* seen  
 The *Pourtrait* of a *Cherubin*?  
 Suffice it, though ye know him not,  
 You have his very *Picture* got.



*Upon Madam E.B. of Blakeny*  
*in Norf. a beautiful Child.*

Sweet pretty blossom, bloomy thing,  
 The pride, and glory of the Spring.

Come Painters, come improve your Arts,  
 In due proportions; See, her parts  
 So equal, so harmonious be,  
 As Nature's choicest Symmetrie.  
*Apelles* need not wandering go,  
 For scatter'd features to and fro;  
 For did he hither but repair,  
 In her they all Collective are,  
 The sparkling Planets of her Eyes,  
 Are Rivals to the spangled Skies;  
 The liquid Rubies of her Lips,  
 The Orient Pearls within Eclipse.  
 Her Cheeks are made up of delight,  
 Like Roses, damask red and white;  
 With a sweet dimple in her Chin,  
 For *Cupid* to inhabit in.  
 Her Nose the Gnomon of her Face,  
 As it were Points at every Grace.  
 Over which Paradise of bliss,  
 Stands a diviner Frontispiece.  
 Two myrtle Groves her Ey-brows are,  
 If Groves might but with them compare:  
 The Hair that on her shoulder lies,  
 Is but the shadow of her Eyes.  
 Whilst the pale drooping Lilly stands  
 Asham'd to see her wither'd hands.  
 What then may we expect, when time  
 Has ripen'd her into her prime?

—*inest sua gratia parvis.*

Upon



*Upon some Gentlemen Rowing  
down the River, on Friday, June  
the last, an exceeding hot Day.*

**W**Hen Rosie June was in effect  
Ended, and July New Elect;  
A jolly crew together met,  
Some parcht with heat, some stew'd in sweat:  
A goodly Barge, and gorgeous Saile,  
They had, but (save their sighs) no Gale.  
To swell their Canvas; sure as Death,  
The Elements were out of breath.  
Yet gentle Zephyr, thought not far,  
Fann'd 'em along the Crystal Yarr:  
Whose Water-Citizens did play,  
And made Themselves a Holy-day.  
The frisking fry wore Coats of Males,  
Which Nature made them of their Scales.  
And all so full of Courage were,  
As every Fish had been a Dare.  
True Trouts above, as they did row,  
Late tipling to the Treuts below.  
So pleatantly they lickt their Dishes,  
You wou'd have sworn they drank like Fishes.

On

On either side, each Brimmer fills,  
Till they grew red about the Gills.

But all this while *Phæbus* stood by,  
As he had other Fish to fry;  
And charg'd 'em with his piercing beams,  
Reflected from the smooth-fac'd streams;  
His furious Rayes doubly design'd,  
To melt 'em, and to make 'um blind.

'Tis pitty none a Cloak had on,  
And more, no Wind engag'd the Sun.  
Nor none, whose fervour could invoke  
A Cloud to lend the Sun a Cloak.  
But see, and ne'er more need than now,  
A gentle Willow gave a Bough:  
And made 'em the compleatest Arbour,  
Never had Vessel such a Harbour:  
There did they deck the Board with chear,  
And what is not a dainty there?  
Where every One a stomach got,  
Wou'd even defie a Mustard-pot.  
For Beer, the Men were so well bred,  
Always to speak well of the dead.

And for Tobacco, as 'tis fit,  
The Pipes did play the praise of it.  
The Wine well water'd, and well stopt,  
Drank cool as Snow from Mountains dropt.

But, as They in their ambush snug'd,  
And sometimes Pip'd, and sometimes Jug'd;  
They

They kend a Fleet, but from the Main-yard,  
Cou'd not discover *Dutch*, or *Spanyard*:  
Some said, whose Eyes could better see't,  
'Twas the white Squadron, or Plate fleet.  
But they prov'd Silver-feather'd Gallies,  
That us'd to make Fresh-water sallies.  
Their Necks their Masts, which no storm reels,  
Their Feet, their Oars, and Bellies, keels.  
Their Wings, their Sayles, their battery charmes,  
And therefore they stood to their Armes.  
And as they did in Triumph Ride,  
They gave the Bangers a Broad-side ;  
Their Admiral bore up so stout,  
They durst have sworn he wou'd have fought.  
Yet not a Gun fir'd from their Bark,  
Though never Men had fairer mark:  
Yet they had Fire, and Match, and All,  
But neither Powder, nor yet Ball.  
And, what is worse, their Teeth now grew  
In want of Ammunition too.  
Time came to part, for now the Wine,  
Tobacco, Beer, and Sun decline.  
The back of many a Tench they had  
But not the Belly of one Maid:  
*Venus* had sent 'em Females fair and fresh,  
But *Friday* (though her day) was not for Fle'h.

Upon



*Upon a Country Parson and his  
Man, and a Parishoner whose Name  
was Ivory.*

**T**He *Parson* sued him, 'cause he call'd him knave  
For which poor *Ivory* 7, and 6. pence gave:  
And so at fix and sevens they both drank on,  
That, e're they went away, they were quite gone.  
The seven and six pence so had *Ivory* stir'd,  
He cou'd not give the *Parson* a good word.  
Nay, such a dose he to his *Temples* gave,  
That, if he won'd? he cou'd not call him knave;  
And, (what I cou'd have wish'd had not been true)  
The liberal dose silenc'd the *Parson* too.  
This hap, alas! had never come to pass,  
Had but the *Priest* concluded with his *Glass*.  
But *Cupper* cupt so much, the *Sack* ran down  
All the neglected *Preface* of his *Gown*.  
So all be-butter'd too, as if (alack)  
The *Priest* had in his *Stomack* mall'd the *Sack*.  
His *Man* too drunk, wch made him much the bolder  
Yet got no *Sack*, save one upon his *Shoulder*:  
He reel'd about, and ran at every *Shelf*,  
And neither knew his *Master*, nor himself.

*Ivory*

*Ivory* asleep fell down, and in the close,  
 Did, for an *Ivory*, get a scarlet Nose.  
 They that before so great a noise did keep,  
 Now slept, and in the rightest sense, *Fox-sleep*.  
 The *Popinjay* one *Fuddle* had before,  
 But when these three were there, then it had four.  
 And while they slept secure, in came the Watch  
 And does this pickel'd Congregation Catch.



*Upon a Dog call'd Fudle, turn-  
 spit at the Popinjay in Norwich.*

**F***Udle*, why so? some *Fudle-cap* sure came  
 Into the Room, and gave him his own name.  
 How should he catch a *Fox*? He'll turn his back  
 Upon *Tobacco*, *Beer*, *French-wine*, or *Sack*.  
 A Bone his Jewel is; and he does scorn  
 With *Æsop's Cock*, to wish a *Barley-corn*.  
 There's not a soberer Dog, I know in *Norwich*,  
 What a pox, wou'd ye have him drunk with *porridge*?  
 This I confess, he goes a round, a round,  
 A hundred times, and never touches ground;  
 And in the midle Region of the *Aire*,  
 He draws a Circle like a Conjuror.

We

With eagerness, he still does forward tend,  
 Like *Sisyphus*, whose Journey has no end.  
 He is the Soul, (if Wood has such a thing?)  
 And living Poise of a wooden Ring.  
 He is advanc'd above his Fellowes, yet  
 He does not for it the least Envy get.  
 He does above the Isle of Doggs commence,  
 And wheels th' inferiour Spit by influence.  
 This though befalls his more laborious Lot,  
 He is the Dog-star, and his Days are hot.  
 Yet, with this comfort, there's no fear of burning,  
 Cause all this while th' industrious wretch is turning:  
 Then no more Fudle say, Give him no spurns,  
 But wreck your tene on one that never turns.  
 And call him, if a proper Name he lack,  
 A Four-foot Huffer, or a Living Jack.



*Upon a Confident Ghast Young*  
 L A D Y.

**W**Hen *Jocabella* first I saw,  
 She seem'd to give her looks no Law:  
 Methought her Eyes like *Rosie's* Haire,  
 Frolickt, and wanton'd with the Aire.

The



The bold, and careless *Amazon*  
Fronted, and fir'd on every side.  
As who should say, she meant to try  
The power of her Chastity.  
She would at Masks and Plays appear,  
As neither slave to place, nor fear.  
Presuming she could, as she list,  
Those Opportunities resist.  
I know not what to think on't more,  
She was, and she was not a Whore.  
For those bewitching looks of hers,  
Made many Hearts Adulterers:  
Sometimes she'd Vizard-Mask her Face  
And Sakers in the Port-holes place.  
Which maugre great *Achilles* Shield,  
Like *Basilisks*, at distance kill'd.  
So *Venus* with her naked Breast,  
Could *Mars* himself in Arms decrest.  
I often pitt'y'd her, and said,  
Alas! 'tis too much for a Maid.  
The Fly that wantons with the Flame,  
Betrays its VVings unto the same;  
And She, for all her Prowess, may  
Too soon be caught in her own Play;  
And justly fall a Sacrifice,  
To the Man-slaughter of her Eyes.



## *To the thrice Lovely Guiana.*

**G**uiana's like a Cedar streight,  
 Purely proportion'd as to height.  
 She wears a Crown of Maiden-haire;  
 No Chaplet half so rich, so rare.  
 Her Fore-head fair is, smooth and high,  
 A Throne besitting Majesty.  
 Two Rainbows arch her Orient Eyes,  
 VVhich them again with beams supplies.  
 On her fair Cheeks enamel'd are  
 The Armes of York and Lancaster.  
 Indeed there's nothing in her Face,  
 But is a glory to the Place.

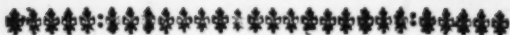
GUIANA is Rhetoricall,  
 And has a ready Wit withall;  
 Like Sappho, whom in former Ages  
 Plato admir'd, and all the Sages.  
 Her quick and quaint delivery such is,  
 As She out-vies the Northern Dutches.  
 She has the Common wealth of Wit,  
 VVhich makes so great a dearth of it:  
 If possible, her Tongue wou'd grace,  
 Beyond the Rhetorick of her Face.

*Guiana*

*Guiana* in Her Morning Dress,  
 Trips like a sprightly Sheppardels.  
 She dances, if She will, or no;  
 As if her Feet did measures know.  
 So even, so sweet are Her advances;  
 That, if She do but walk, She dances.  
 Her motions, *Planet*.like, are made  
 Traverse, Oblique and Retrograde.  
 Her trips so smooth are, and so sweet,  
 The Ground grows proud to kiss her Feet.

*Guiana*, if She please to sing,  
*Urania* strait her Lute does bring;  
 And hearing then so sweet a noise,  
 Sets down and tunes it at her Voice.  
 Where e're her pleasant accents come,  
 The *Sirens* of the Groves are dumb.  
 Her Tongue, indeed, is tun'd with blith,  
 Who wou'd not such a Consort wish?  
 For Person, Parts, for Dance, or Voice,  
 All are so sweet, there is no choice.





*Upon Guiana's Farewell to  
Sharington.*

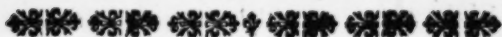
FAREWELL! a pretty story faith; if I  
 No better fare, I need not Roast-meat cry:  
 Farewell! impossible; Can I farewell,  
 When she has raz'd and sackt my Citadell.  
 Well, Go *Guiana*, and be happy too,  
 What ever *Sharington* or *Norwich* do.  
 Ah sweet! ah fair! but since there's no relief,  
*April* shall help us to shower out our grief.  
 Me thought I saw, just as she bad God by,  
 The drooping *flowers* hang down their *heads* & dy.  
 Her haft was hence so speedy, as there was  
 No Rose, or Lilly blown, but in her Face.  
 Only the Violet (and that grace she deigns)  
 Packt up its Purple in her purer Veines.  
 Yet just as she was going out of Town,  
 Peeps a gay Tulip, and presents a Crown.  
 The Citizens of the Aire their Anthems sing,  
 To my *Guiana* Goddess of the Spring:  
 She folds her fairer Lips, and at her call,  
 Comes Blackbird, Linit, Alph, Thrush, Nightingal.  
Melodious

Melodious warblers, with her Coach they move,  
 And make the hedges and high-ways a Grove.  
 Thus flowers, thus birds, thus all must with her go  
 See, see, what those magnetick Eyes can do !  
 And yet (severer stars !) my self I find  
 Wou'd be most forward, am the most behind.  
 What then adds this to me ? where's my relief,  
 This speaks her triumph, but, alas ! my grief.

Endymion's Miss observes her monthly wane,  
 And with full Face repairs her Orb again.  
 The Summer Solstice comes as Winter goes,  
 Day follows Night and ebbs succeed their flowes.  
 The Swallow woodcock, Stork and Cuckoo too  
 Know their Returns, as well as their Adieu :  
 But, ah ! she bids farewell, and hopeless I  
 Must with the Swan sing my own Dirge and die.

O how she packt her spoils ! more captive hearts  
 Than Argus e're had Eyes, or Cupid Darts !  
 Thus beauty plays the thief, fair Rachel stole  
 Her Fathers Gods, Guiana fair my Soul ;  
 Which I cou'd be content to let her do,  
 Were she so kind to take my Body too ;  
 But since her stay is subject to no spell,  
 Let me be miserable, so she fare-well.

*Vixque valedixi pleno singultibus ore.*



*To my Honoured Friend Mr.*

*J. W. Student in Lincolns Inne,  
Upon the Death of his dear Wife  
Mrs. A. W.*

**C**ongratulate I cannot, nor complain,  
My Theme is equal, as to loss, or gain;  
True, a dear Wife, yet not of her bereaven,  
Where wou'd you lay up treasure, but in Heaven?  
Thas half in Heaven, and half on Earth you are;  
You keep possession here, She has it there:  
Nor is she dead, though Earth her earth stil keep,  
Sinners are said to dye, but Saints to sleep.  
No, she now only lives and triumphs, where  
Her Workhouse, like her Works must follow her.

This may within your sorrows Circle fall,  
You want a Copie of th' Original:  
We can't deny it; and that this is true,  
More are to mourning Legacy'd than you;  
Her Soul was not, though Body, thus bereft  
For wanting Issue, the Example left.  
To which she may for a Memorial trust,  
When Marble, and Posterity are dust.

What

What if her Womb were in her wishes crost?  
 Where there's no Labour, there's no labour lost.  
 For my part, I think who can scape without,  
 Those pains and perils, need not to cry out.  
 Some that her hard-lets Life knew, gather thence  
 She scap'd the curse, and dy'd in Innocence.  
 And, though no Mother, yet a hopeful Bride:  
 She liv'd an Angel, and a Phoenix dy'd.  
 Sure *Overbury* prophecy'd her Life,  
 Or he had been to seek for a good Wife.



*An ELEGY upon Mr. Robert*  
*Doughty of Grayes Inn, depriv'd*  
*of his Sponse.*

**T**Hy generous humour, and approved wit,  
 To after Ages shall thy Name transmit.  
 Whilst thy dear Memory lives with us, and shall  
 With the World only have a Funeral.  
 True, he whose Coffin in a Church finds room,  
 Has both the walls, and windows for his Tomb.  
 But thou dost neighbour to the vulgar lay,  
 To consecrate (as 'twere) their common clay.

That when we cease our sorrows to pursue,  
 Heaven may supply thy Urn with kindly dew.  
 That on thy Grave thy *Vertue's* flowers may grow  
 Till Winter on thee Pearls and Diamonds strow.

Thy fate, I pity, Love and Fortunes rage,  
 To make *Gray's Inn* so long thy Hermitage.  
 Ah cruel air! Ah far from thy desert!  
 Thou brok'st thy mind to her has broke thy heart.  
 What time thou first did'st homage to her Eyes,  
 Thou wert her Servant, now her Sacrifice:  
 Let hearts play fast and loose, thou now art gone  
 Unto a witness, knows she was thine own.  
 VWho (ah! sometimes such Planets intervene)  
 But for her Mother, had a Mother been.  
 Where then is conscience? such is justice dearth,  
 That Matches made in *Heaven*, scarce hold on *earth*.  
 Farewell fond faith, false fickle female breath,  
 Ther's nothing certain this side *Heaven* but death.

In this, thy fate thy greatness does proclame,  
 A noble instance of a generous flame.  
 Nor yet condemn we her, who knows but she  
 May ope thy Grave, and come to Bed to thee.  
 Where you, whose stars deny'd it in your Life,  
 May mingle Ashes, and be Man and VVife.  
 And cloze in an inseparable Bliss,  
 No more a prey to Parents avarice.  
 And who can think she long behind should stay,  
 VVhose better half so bravely led the way?

And



And now (blest shade) forgive our ruder verse,  
 Whose wither'd Bayes do but profane thy Herse.  
 Such thy beginning was, such was thy End,  
 Thy death it self does to the Life commend.  
 Such Rayes thy Morning, such thy Evening gate,  
 The Sun ne'er brighter rose, nor clearer sate.  
 Who writes thy Elegie must wake thy dust,  
 And beg assistance, if he won'd be just.  
 For ours insipid is, yet not our fault,  
 VVhose Eyes, at present, take up all our Salt.



*Upon His MAJESTIES Pro-  
 gress into Norfolk, Sept. 28. 1671.*

**Y** *Armouth* had first (O more than happy Port!)  
 The honour to receive the King and Court;  
 And entertain, Season providing dishes,  
 The King of *England*, with the King of *Fishes*.  
 A Royal Mess, what Herrings pay were they?  
 Not red, nor white; pickel'd, nor bloat they say;  
 No milch, but all hard rows, strange kind of meat!  
 Herrings you might digest, but cou'd not eat.  
 Whose eys were *rubies*, and whole scales were *gold*.  
 Herrings that never stinck, though ne'er so old.

The Senate of the Shoal, whose golden Chain,  
 Argues 'um the Triumvirate of the Main.  
 A glittering Trine, but by the way, me thinks,  
 'Twas no good Supper-meat, Herrings and Links.  
 Yet, for all that, it was good Fish when caught,  
 Wou'd I'd a swill of such at Twelve a Groat.  
 Should *Normich* put such Herrings in their Pies,  
 Their Charter wou'd be heavier than Excise.  
 Oysters may of their Pearls high value set,  
 But these are Herrings for a Royal Net.  
 To which, add all that Art or Nature cou'd,  
 Nothing cou'd be too dear, nothing too good :  
 The treat was what, or wit, or wealth cou'd give,  
 The Cates being like the Guests superlative.  
 VVhose superabundance did contribute more,  
 Than some can feast their *Kings* with, to the poor.

Next to his *Majesty*, at the Town-hall,  
 His Royal Highness, Lord High-Admiral,  
 Vouchsaf'd his Princely Presence (save the Crown)  
 The highest honour ever deign'd the Town.  
 The Duke of *Buckingham*, and *Monmouth's* Graces,  
 In the next Sphear took their Illustrious Places.  
 VVith other Lords of principal account,  
 VVhose grandieurs my poor Heraldry surmount.  
 When the Town sparkel'd with such Cavaliers,  
*Tarmouth* was sure Nobly supply'd with Peers.

Had you the Gold that flew about, the e seen,  
 You wou'd have thought you had in *Guiny* been.

Pieces

Pieces did answer Pieces shot for shot,  
As if that Gold the art of Guns had got.  
Sure *Cæsar's* beams, and Sun like Equipage,  
Gilded the Town, and made this Golden Age.

No *Bristol* Milk out of the Conduits spun,  
Though not the Conduits yet the Pipes did run.  
Goblets, and Gold, they shovel out their wealth,  
And think their Wine too little for his health.  
Souldiers and Servants with the Court come down,  
Might, at the *Feathers*, *gratis*, be high-flown.  
They say his *Majesty* there Knighted Four,  
I only wonder He did Knight no more :  
For, who observes how they set all to rights,  
Wou'd think they acted more like *Lords*, than *Kts.*  
To those He added, but He gave no Names,  
But answer'd for a Ship, and call'd it *James*.  
All pleas'd the King, and the King all did please,  
Never was Day more full of Happiness !

The general joy to see his *Majesty*,  
Their Acclamations witness to the Sky.  
Twelve hundred shot, add yet a thousand more,  
From shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to shoar,  
With such salutes did one another greet, (meet.  
You wou'd have fear'd that *Heaven* and *earth* wou'd  
Salutes are thunder'd all abroad the Main,  
Which *Neptune* answers to his Lord again.  
For while the Earth did Eccho with their joyes,  
The Sea cou'd not forbear to make a noise.

The

The very Waves in tumults fret, and some  
 For madness, that they cou'd no nearer come.  
 Thus was the King whilst Mount to Mount roar out  
 Besieg'd with Salutations round about.  
 The smoak rose up in Clouds, and made a Night,  
 And *Lynstocks* were the Candles gave us Light.  
 The priming Powders at the touch holes flash,  
 And every Mount a Mountain *Aetna* was:  
 Thus Earth and Water carol to their King,  
 And, as in Confort, *Jopaan* sing;  
 Farewell fair *Tarmouth*, and agen farewell,  
 VWhere noble hearts, in noble houses dwell.  
 Thy King has judg'd thy great, thy generous Town  
 A Jewel worthy of a *Monarch's* Crown.

Next *Norwich* ward great *Casar* sets his face,  
 Like *Sun*-shine to a long benighted place.  
 The mounted Magistrates to meet Him rid,  
 And their Formalties his wellcome bid.  
 VWhose Persons, though confin'd to City ground,  
 Their Love and Loyalty yet knows no bound.  
 First the Recorder did the whole present,  
 And gave the King a solemn Complement:  
 Not empty words, but truth in such a dress,  
 A man might through it see her nakedness.  
 'Twas pat and pithy, not a formal story,  
 And he's as well now, as Sir *Francis Corye*.

Next, they surrender on their Loyal Knees,  
 The Cup, the Sword, the Maces, and the Keyes,  
 Ensigns

Ensigns of Power; and *Cesar* takes 'um too,  
And what does *Cesar* take; but *Cesar's* due?  
Whilst He, whom our Election did prefer  
To be the Major, is made the Sword-bearer.  
This was *September* right, the *Senats* fall,  
But Royal *Rayes* rais'd 'um agen withall.  
And redeliver'd into hands so just,  
The Ensigns of Authority, and trust.

Next *Aaron*, with his Sons, observe their course,  
My Lord, with all the Lords Embassadors,  
As th' Holy Priest-hood in Procession rod,  
To invite the King unto the House of God.  
As once a part of the *Levitick* stem,  
Met *Alexander* from *Hierusalem*. (ches

Then highborn *Howard* waits, the King's approach-  
With's prancing horses, and his Princely Coaches.  
And withall grace attends his Sovereign home,  
And does a Landlord to his Lord become.  
Receives his *Majesties* at the *Dukes* Place,  
Which at that time a Royal Palace was.  
A City rather, and so throng'd about,  
As *Norwich* City seem'd a Suburbs to 't.  
But that the King fill'd both; for People run  
To Royal beams, as Atomes to the Sun.

Next flockt the *Gentry*, who as numerous were  
As twinckles in the Star be-dappel'd Sphesr.  
Fame fill'd the streets, there was no room to pass,  
Sure *Norwich* then a Populous City was.

The

The King may thank Sir *Peter Glean* that Day ;  
 For, but for him, the King had no High-way.  
 He clear'd Him a free pass, where he might ride,  
 And Pal'd it in with Pikes on either side :  
 And Musquets in close order, all in new  
 Red Coats, and all alike lyn'd with true blew.  
 Thus representing to His Majesty  
 Their Unity and Uniformity.  
 Nor may I here that gorgeous Troop forget,  
 Hundreds of florid Citizens that met,  
 Their Sovereign Equipt in black and white,  
 An object both of wonder and delight :  
 With Scarlet Ribons in their Hats, to show  
 Their Blood was likewise at his Service too.  
*Argus* had there met objects worth his Eyes,  
 But twice as many wou'd not half suffice :  
 Windows and walls were nothing else you'd think  
 Yet deem'd disloyal to themselves to wink.  
 But had you heard the Tempest of their Lungs,  
 You wou'd have thought them nothing else but  
 Their Vocal Vollics deafen'd every Ear, *tongues*  
 And Drums and Trumpets no loud Musick were.  
 They rent the Skies, and tore the very Ground,  
 Muskets and Canons in the vogue were drown'd.  
 And *Bells*, that with such sweat & pains were rear'd,  
 Might have rung backward for ought they were heard.  
 'Twas such a clamour, so transcending measure,  
 That *Bells* themselves cou'd not appeal to *Cesar*.

But

But face about, here's more yet to be seen,  
 Two wonders in a Day, the *King* and *Queen*.  
 With such a train of Beauties, might out-dare  
 Bold *Saladine*, and Crown a holy Warre.  
 Now, *Normich*, say, to grace thy Hemisphear,  
 The *Sun* and *Moon* and *Stars* at once shone there.  
 Thus the Pair-Royal are together met,  
 And the *Dukes* Place more grac'd than ever yet:  
 Where they conducted are into a Room,  
 Hung all with Arras fresh come off the Loom.  
 Adorn'd with all magnificence, and quite  
 Set round with Flambeux made a Day of Night.

For Supper, there I beg to hold my peace;  
 Think what the Eye, the Ear, the tast wou'd please,  
 All that they had, nothing did want that Night,  
 (Except by too too much,) an Appetite.

In summe the Bill of fare, let him pronounce,  
 Knows what it is to treat two Courts at once.

*Paston* and *Hobart* did bring in the Mear,  
 Who the next day at their own houses treat:

*Paston* to *Oxney* did his Sovereign bring;

And, like *Arannab*, offer'd as a King.

*Blecklyn* two Monarcks, and two *Queens* has seen,  
 One *King* fetcht thence, another brought a *Queen*.  
 Great *Townsend* of the treas brought up the rear,  
 And doubly was my Lord *Lieftenant* there.

And now with *Normich*, for whose sake I writ,  
 Let me conclude; *Normich* did what was fit:

Or,

Or, what with them was possible, at least;  
 That City does enuff, that does its best.  
 There the King Knighted the so famous *Brown*.  
 Whose worth, & learning to the world are known.  
 They offer'd to the King at the New-hall,  
 Banquets and Guynies, and their hearts withall.  
 For *Normich*, true, others may treat more high,  
 But to her Power, none more heartily:  
 S'has long a Widow been, and 'tis but right  
 T'accept a Widow, for a Widow's Mite:  
*Normich* strain'd all, that *Normich* cou'd extend,  
 Nor cou'd she more, should *Jove* himself descend.

*Tandem progreditur magna comitante Caterva.*



## *Observations upon* LILLIE'S Almanack.

**H**Ark how the angry Comet here portends  
 Woes to some *We*ils, whilst others he befriends:  
 And from his glittering Library of Stars,  
 Denounces what he pleases, peace or wars:  
 Nor must you say he speaks besides his Books,  
 Though he but judg their meaning by their looks;  
 When



When People know, no forehead can impart  
 All the intrigues and angles of the heart :  
 Then gentle Reader, take what he has said,  
 Sometimes direct, and sometimes Retrograde.  
 His knowledge can't be deep, that has express,  
 But superficial judgment at the best.  
 For I'll maintain it, he may see as far  
 Into a neather Mill-stone, as a star.

*Endymion* that had *Luna* 'bout the middle,  
 Cou'd none of all her mysteries unriddle ;  
 And *Lilly* too, that all this toil doth keep,  
 Had, with *Endymion* been as well asleep.  
 Shew me a Letter from the Man i'th' Moon,  
 I'll grant his Book writ with a beam of noon.  
 Crochets, and haycromes govern our affairs,  
 Just so we see our dooms at Tavern-barrs.  
 He that so oft does the twelve houses name,  
 Ne'er set a foot in any of the same.  
 Yet all that there is done, he does record,  
 As if he their Ascendant were, and Lord.  
 And yet for all this noise, and six-penny Cut,  
 Shall his twelve Houses in my Pocket put.  
 Believ't, if he no better Lodging meet,  
 He may for all these houses lye i'th street.  
 And shake his drinkel'd locks half starv'd & dead,  
 Although he has twelve Houses o're his head.  
 For these are Castles, Houses in the Aire,  
 And tho' he know their signs, he can't come there.

And

And even these signs our wonders too invite;  
 By day you cannot see 'um, but by night.  
 From whence, I think, I justly may infer,  
 An Owle may make a good Astrologer.

I neither *Jupiter* nor *Saturn* dread;  
 The first rules Pewter, and the second Lead.  
 'Tis not improbable, *Saturn* may rage,  
 'Cause the old dotard lost his golden Age:  
 For my part, I ne'er found it; for alas!  
 My age is sometimes silver, sometimes brass.  
 Sometimes so empty, so Poeticall,  
 That I protest it is nothing at all.  
 And, if thy Son has still the Sovereignty;  
 I think he has gelt me as well as thee.  
 Let me alone with *Bacchus* and his Grapes,  
 I shall not envy *Jove*, nor his escapes.  
 But, I confess, I hardly can refrain,  
 From envying thee, that Star that dropt thy Chain.

An *Almanack's* a store-house, where old wives  
 May furnisht be with Fables all their Lives.  
 His worship's weather-wife, this month he says,  
 That many aged People end their days:  
 As if there were a moment, wherein some,  
 Or other do not to their long homes come.  
 These Lord Ascendants pronounce war or peace,  
 Opè' and shut *Janus* Temple as they please.  
*Hippocrates* himself might undertake,  
 To learn Prognosticks of an *Almanack*:

Nay,

Nay, they must ne'er out-strip him *Cent. per Cent*,  
 They the Disease foretell, he but th' event.  
 This Proverb ( *It is easier to believe,*  
*Than to disprove* ) does them advantage give.  
 Lies borrow faith; but they get nothing by't  
 At the years end; for *Time* brings truth to light.



### *Upon the Norfolk Largeſs.*

**W**E have a custom, no where else is known;  
 For here we reap, where nothing e're was  
 Our Harvest-men shall run ye, cap and leg, (sown.  
 And leave their work at any time to beg.  
 They make a Harvest of each Passenger,  
 And therefore have they a Lord-treasurer.  
 Here ye must pence, as well as Pray'r's bestow;  
 'Tis not enough to say, *God speed the Plow*.  
 These ask as Men, that meant to make ye stand;  
 For they Petition with their Arms in hand.  
 And till ye give, or some good sign appears,  
 They listen to ye with their Harvest-eares.  
 If nothing drops into the gaping Purse,  
 Ye carry with ye, to be sure, a Curse.  
 But, if a *Largeſs* come, they shout ye deaf,  
 Had you as many Ears as a Wheat-sheaf:

D

Some-

Sometimes the hollow greater is by odds,  
 As when 'tis answer'd from the Ivy tods.  
 Here all unite; and each his accent bears,  
 That were but now together by the eares.  
 And, which a Contradiction doth imply,  
 Because they get a *Large's* they must cry;  
 Cry with a Pox? whoever of it hears,  
 May wish their tankard had no other tears:  
 Thus in a word our Reapers now a days,  
 Reap in the Field, and glean in the High-ways.



*To my dear Friend Mr. Sam:  
 Stainer new come from  
 Messina.*

[ 1 ]

**A**S to the thirsty, a full Cup,  
 Or to a School-boy, breaking up,  
 Or to the poor, who wou'd relieve,  
 Or to a Man condemn'd, Reprieve.  
 Such is my Friend *Stainer* to me,  
 But none so welcome yet as he.

As

## [ 2 ]

As *June* to a tyr'd Traveller,  
 Or Port to a long tost Mariner ;  
 Or to the *Dutch* their *Indie-Fleet*,  
 Or us, that we in *Thames* cou'd see't :  
 Such is my Friend *Stainer* to me,  
 As much a joy as these cou'd be.

## [ 3 ]

As to Insurers Ship arriv'd,  
 Or Coward that wars shock surviv'd,  
 Or Feast to Gluttons appetite,  
 Or to a Bride her Wedding night :  
 Such is my Friend *Stainer* to me,  
 Nothing so welcome though, as he.

## [ 4 ]

As Honour to a haughty mind,  
 Or Lady to a leacher kind ;  
 Or Mony to a Misers clutch,  
 Or a brave Victory o're the *Dutch* :  
 Such is my Friend of whom I've spoken,  
*Messina* sent me for a Token,



# *The Cooks Catastrophe.*

*Occasion'd by a Souldier killing a  
Cook's Boy carrying a cover'd  
Mess through the street.*

**U**Nhappy Boy, thus to be sent upon  
Death's Errand, with accurs'd Bellerophon  
Where God found Meat (here the old Prover  
(took

The Devil and the Souldier found the Cook.  
First Mess was serving ; but ah cruel force !  
The Cook himself became the second course.  
For as the Corps he carry'd to the Womb,  
The Bearer by the way, met his own tomb.  
But with this difference, as he lost his breath,  
The stone, shou'd be above, was underneath.  
And yet he cou'd not without marble part,  
Had there been none else, but the Souldiers head  
The Boy might grate, alas ! in such a case,  
Is not a Cook allow'd a little sauce ?

A milk white Napkin o're the Mess was laid  
No Ladies Apron such temptations had !

Hung

Hunger, that breaks Stone-walls, at such a sight  
Had pointed teeth, and made a Coward fight.  
The Aire was raisor-keen, and might afford  
A stomach, that was sharper than his Sword,  
For *Mars* his Sons, and *Neptune's* too they say,  
Do watch, and fast, far oftner than they pray:  
But the Boy mov'd with't, fast as he was able,  
For there his Master kept no standing table.  
With whom the hungry souldier pace wou'd keep,  
'Twou'd vex a Dog to see a Pudding creep:  
The cloth was spred, but on it nothing lay,  
The Red-coat therefore needs wou'd take away.  
They both tug'd for't, neither cou'd other brook  
The hasty Souldier, nor the reasty Cook.  
At last it happen'd the unlucky cloth  
Did prove, well-nigh, a winding-sheet to both.  
The poor Cooks Boy, that little dreamt of it,  
E're he could take a turn, dropt from the Spit.  
And yet he had a turn, ah, a shrew'd turn!  
Has turn'd him now, alas! into his Urn.  
And though for this, the Souldier suffer'd not,  
Know it, his hands are redder than his Coat.

---



*Upon Shortwhite, the Noble  
Hampstead Cock.*

**T**O you that love the knight of fowls, I write,  
 The Tragi-comedy of brave *Shortwhite*.  
 First in a Well, but by good fortune found,  
 This winged Heroe, *Icarus* was drown'd :  
 But drawn up and cast into a warm Blanket,  
 Next morning he reviv'd, did crow and crank it.  
 Next was he (O that Murtherer of Cocks ! )  
 Surpriz'd in his Seraglio by a Fox :  
 And when a Captive past all hope he seem'd,  
 Was by a Dog that charg'd the Foe redeem'd ;  
 Unhurt, he marcht off, suffering nothing there  
 Except he cou'd, what *Shortwhite* cou'd not, fear.  
 Another time he was by Dogs way-laid,  
 And unto Men, more Curs than they, betray'd,  
 Who had him to the Mewes, what meant their  
 (Cunning ?  
 A Cock is for a walk, and not for Running.  
 But there so loud he utter'd his Disaster, (ster,  
 That *Hampstead* Rung with'c, and inform'd his Ma.  
 Who



Who soon deliver'd *Shortwhite* from the Lock,  
And kickt those *Coxcombs*, that had stoln his *Cock*.

Six armed Knights he has in Battel kill'd,  
And never drop of his own blood yet spill'd,  
And yet his Milk-white Wings enamel'd be,  
With drops, his heels drew from his Enemy.  
Thus over all his foul, and fairer foes,  
He claps his Pineons, and in triumph crowes.  
And tells his Master, Let his match be found,  
He'l loose his Life, or win him Twenty Pound.



*To a Non-sensical Barbar  
wou'd seem Poetical.*

**B**Arbar, go scrape, it troubles me that I,  
Can't write so low, as thy Capacity.  
Shrubs are beneath the Wind, had I an Oke,  
Or some tall Cedar, did my Rage provoke?  
His top should kiss his toe; I hatch a Satyr,  
Shou'd bow the Zenith down to the Æquator.  
But who wou'd at a Hedg bird spend his shor,  
Or fire a Canon at a Cockle-bost?

Varlet in Verse, thou scribeless, but I see,  
Nor R'yme, nor Reason, Sense, nor Quantity.

No, nor true *English*; it were strange, if you,  
 That cannot speak true *English*, shou'd write true.  
 Pure Parallels, pure disingenious Nidgit,  
 This an Elboick is, and that a Digit:  
 Just so he cuts Mens hair, here 'tis too short,  
 And there as much too long, as amends for't.  
 Go Fustian Shaver, Go to; You must get  
 Your living by your Hands, and not your Feet.



*Upon one Day that ran away,  
 and laid the Key under the Door.*

**H**ere *Night* and *Day* con'pire a cheating flight,  
 For *Day*, they say, is run away by *Night*.  
 The *Day* is past, why Landlord! where's your rent:  
 Cou'd you not see the *Day* is almost spent.  
 Had you but kept the Watch well, I suppose,  
 'Twas no hard thing to know how the *Day* goes?  
*Day* sold, and pawn'd, and put off what he might,  
 Though it were ne'er so dark, *Day* wou'd be light:  
 That he away with so much Rent should get,  
 Though *Day* were light, 'twas no light matter yet.  
 You had one *Day* a Tenant and wou'd fain  
 Your Eyes might one day see that *Day* again.

No

No, Landlord, no ; you now may truly say,  
And to your Cost too, you have lost a *Day*.  
By twy-light, *Day* is neither *Day* nor *Night* ;  
What then ? 'twixt both, he's an *Hermaphrodite*.  
*Day* is departed in a *Mist*, I fear,  
For *Day* is broke, yet does not *Day* appear :  
His pale-face now does *Day* in *Owl-light* shrowd,  
Truth is, at present *Day's* under a *Cloud*.  
If you wou'd meet with *Day* you must be wiser,  
And up betimes, for *Day's* an early riser.  
Broad *Day* is early up, but you begin  
To rouse, and then broad *Day* is shutting in.  
From Sun to Sun, are the set-times of *Pay*,  
But you should have been up by break of *Day* :  
Yet, if you had ? you had got nothing by't.  
For *Day* was Cunning, and broke over *Night*.  
*Day*, like a *Candle*, is gone out, and where,  
None knows, except to th'other *Hemisphear*.  
You must go look the *Day* with *Candle light*,  
This *Day* was sure begotten in the *Night*.  
The *Lanthorn-looker*, if he now began ;  
Might find the *Day*, but scarce the honest man.  
Well, *Day* farewell ; be't spoke to thy small praise,  
There's little honesty found now a *Day's*.  
In vain you do your self this trouble give,  
You'l never make an even day while you live ;  
And yet who trusted him for any Summe,  
Might have their mony, if the *Day* were come.

You

'And, when will that be? when the Devil's blind;  
You will this *Day* at the *Greek* Calends find.  
For, if the Sun does hang *behind* the Change;  
If you can find the *Day before*, 'tis strange.

Then to the Tavern, Landlord, let's away,  
Chear up your heart, hang't, 'tis a broken *Day*;  
And for your Rent, never thus Rent your Soul,  
E're long you'll see *Day* at a little hole:  
Look at the *Counter*, when you go that way;  
Early enough, and you'll see peep of *Day*.  
But, how now Landlord? what's the matter pray?  
What, can't you sleep, you do so long for *Day*?  
Have you a mind, Sir, to arrest the *Day*?  
There's no such Serjeant as a *Joshua*.  
Why, Landlord, Is the Quarter out I pray;  
That you keep such a quarter for the *Day*?  
Put off your passion, pray; true, 'tis a Summe:  
But don't you know that a Pay-day will come?  
I'll warrant you, do you but banish sorrow,  
My life for yours *Day* comes again to morrow.

—— *Phosphore redde Diem.*

---



*To T. B. Esq; wanting a Son,  
and Heir; and upon his two fair  
Daughters.*

**Y**OU have the Morning and the Evening Star,  
To whom, except each other, none compare.  
And what in all Men adoration moves,  
Fairer than Virgin-Snow, or *Venus* Doves,  
Whom Nature in her Silver-mantle wraps,  
A pair of Pendants for a pair of Paps.  
So sweet, so pure, as if they did commence,  
Whiteness it self, even by reflection thence.  
Had *Paris* been so blest to see their Eyes,  
The Queen of Beauty must have mist her Prize.

But, Sir, you want, and wish I know, a Son  
An Heir, of *Elsing*-Hall entail'd on One.  
I wish it too, so that prodigious Tree,  
The wonder of the World should Bonfires be.  
I hope it shall, that those auspicious fires,  
May put a Period to your just desires.  
And more than that, cou'd I once see that Boy,  
I'd burn my Cap, a sacrifice to Joy.

*Spain,*

*Spain*, I have heard, whose judgment's not the *worst*  
 Have blest the Womb op'd by a Female first.  
 And by experience, say it does fore-run  
 The joyful Omen of a prosperous Son.  
 Do you the like; great joys come by degrees,  
 And take your Daughters from Heaven's hostages.  
 They led the way, and for a Son left room:  
 There's no despairing of a pregnant Womb.  
 At least your Daughters, this, may promise you,  
 Instead of one Son, they'll present you two.  
 And you, for ought I know, without Male-Heir,  
 May be as happy in a Sex more fair.



*An ELEGY on the Reverend*  
*John Crofts, D. D. and Deane*  
*of Norwich.*

**H**ere let his Reverend Dust in silence sleep,  
 I cou'd add tears, were't not a sin to weep.  
 Which Heathens wo'nt, what else in grief should  
 But doubt, or Envy his Felicity. (we,  
 Death, as in duty, came and snuff'd the light,  
 As who shou'd say to make it shine more bright.

As

As to the shutting in of Nature's day,  
His Evening Red was, but his Morning Grey.  
The Elements disputed Deaths controul,  
Nature was loath to part with such a Soul.

As to his quality he doubly owes;  
But which, to Birth, or Breeding more, who knows?  
The first has him among the great ones reckon'd,  
And in the second he to none was second.  
But some have troubled at his passion been,  
Why shou'd they so? a Fly will have her spleen.  
He cou'd be angry; and who lives but can?  
For cou'd he not, he shou'd be less than Man.  
True, he was hasty at some cross event,  
But was again as hasty to repent.  
And be his choler at the worst believ'd,  
Whom his right hand deprest, his left reliev'd.  
His strictness at the Churches Gates did well,  
No Gates stand always ope, but those of Hell.  
And since the Lord his Vineyard did restore,  
'Twas Zeal, not choler to keep out the Bore.

Should I forbear a Trophy here to raise him,  
(With Reverence to the Text) his works wou'd  
(praise Him,  
 Impartial Eyes survey what he has done,  
 And you'l not say Church-work went slowly on.  
 Whose Elegy each grateful Stone presents,  
 From th' humble Base, to th' highest Battlements.  
Oche

Others themselves wrap up in lasting Lead,  
 But he wrapt up the Church in his own stead,  
 Whose Pinnacle he rear'd so high, it even  
 Climes up the Clouds to reach his arms to heaven;  
 Upon whose Top, *St. Peter* may behold  
 His Monitor in Characters of Gold.  
 Not but in this, others pretend a share,  
 But the Dead challenge what the living spare:  
 Now then for Epitaph, this let him take,  
 Here lies the Temples great *Jehozadack*,  
 Who for the Sums he, to repair it, spent;  
 Has the whole Church to be his Monument.



*An ELEGY upon a Reverend  
 Divine Buryed in the Ruines of  
 his Church.*

**S**O falls a Star, when it deludes our sight,  
 For look but up, you'll see it still shine bright.  
 What fell was Earth, which, all its substance spent,  
 Subsid'd to its proper Element.  
 Such was our friend, of whom we are bereaven,  
 A composition made of Earth and Heaven.  
Heaven



Heaven challeng'd his immortal Soul, and then  
The Elements took what they gave, agen.  
He's now at's Father's house, his ever home,  
Whither at last his Body too shall come ;  
Where he the Company of Angels keeps,  
Whilst weary Nature in her Causes sleeps :  
Not that his part diviner does forsake it,  
But lets it rest, till the last Trump awake it.  
Then he will come in the Angelick shore,  
And put it on, that put it off before :  
Not as he left it, a poor lump of Clay,  
No ; but as bright and glorious as the Day ;  
Refin'd from all that drossie is, and foul ;  
And now Immortal, as his heaven-born soul.  
Then what embracings, what a heavenly greeting,  
Nay, it is Heaven it self to see the Meeting.  
Then shall they meet, never to part at all,  
And rise again, never again to fall.  
All this consider'd rightly, I may well  
And truly say, he rather rose than fell.  
Howe'er, according to the Apostles word,  
He now is blest, because dead in the Lord.  
He from his labours rests, and his Works do  
Both follow him, and stay behind him too.  
Who-being dead, yet speaketh ; In the Night  
Of Ignorance, he left a Paper light.  
Which we still keep, though of himself bereaven,  
And are his Heirs, to make us Heirs of Heaven.  
Thus

Thus as his Heaven-born Soul her Earth declines,  
 He plays the Glo-worm, and in darkness shines.  
 Thus like a Taper burning, Heavenly bright,  
 He spent himself in giving others light.  
 God's fight he fought, o'recame the fatal Three,  
 Which Christians call the common Enemy.  
 He kept the Faith his ever trusty Shield,  
 And more than Conqueror marcht off the Field!  
 'Tis not in Rhetorick, an applause to lend him,  
 Say but what's true, and you then most commend  
 (him.

His Church and he, as if agreed by either,  
 Fell in a manner, I may say, together.  
 Where long he preacht, until put out by Men,  
 But Death was kind, and put him in agen.  
 There his Remains are treasur'd up, content  
 To take her Ruines for his Monument.



Upon



*Upon the Reverend Herbert  
Ashley, L L. B. Elected Dean of  
Norwich, from many Rivals.*

**T**He Racers mounted with Day-breaking *Phos-*  
Hard did they ride, though not ride on and  
(prosper.

Some to the place, suspicious of their Right,  
As if they meant to steal it? went by Night:  
Thus whipt and spur'd the Rivals at those rates,  
Their very Horses lookt like Candidates;  
Whilst Reverend *Ashley* with a sober pace,  
Went gravely on, and came off with a Grace:  
Nobly presented to his Prince's view,  
By the most Reverend, and right Reverend too.  
I might Right Honorable add too, where  
*Northampton* carry'd it from *Darby* clear:  
And happy was it; for, *Christ-Church*, if I may say't  
Has been too truly Militant of late.

But now those animosities shall cease,  
And *Janus* Temple give a sign of Peace.  
Joy to themselves, and us, to see 'um so,  
In Order to the God of Order go.

E

Heaven

Heaven and his *Majesty*, has in this choice  
 Made your glad Walls of *Syon* to rejoyce,  
 Wellfare their holy Father-hoods, for you  
 Want but one step to be a Father too.

Your name even prophesies of its own accord,  
*Herbert*, or *Ashley*, which you please, 'tis Lord.



*Upon the Famous Sun Tavern  
 behind the Exchange.*

**B**ehind! I'll ne'er believ't; you may as soon  
 Perswade me that the *Sun* stands behind noon;  
 We shou'd be then more than *Cymmerian* blind,  
 If the World's Eye, the *Sun* should stand behind:  
 Nay, rather than Heaven's Lamp should so estrange  
 His proper light, the *Change* it self must change.  
*Gresham* must face about, under the Rose;  
 The *Kings* themselves must go as the *Sun* goes.  
 Yet notwithstanding what is here exprest,  
 I am a *Brownist* as to East or West.  
 What time the Peers did the *Sun's* rising stay,  
 He found it first lookt the contrary way:  
*Cornhill* may in her south-side still take pride;  
 But, where the *Sun* is, there's the warmer side.

Yet

Yet some *Astrologers*, they say, maintain  
 Three Suns late set, will never rise again.  
 Three Meteors rather, if they were three Suns?  
 Suns guided sure by giddy Phaetons.

But Noble *Wadlow*, this a Palace is,  
 A Superstructure on a Base of Bliss.  
 When thy transcendant Arch I'm passing through,  
 Me thinks in Tryumph I to Tavern go:  
 To Tavern said? I recall it, No;  
 Me thinks I rather to a Temple go.  
 Where the great Room (and who would judg it  
 A Church is, and the rest Chappels of ease. (leis?)  
 At least a Presence, fit to enertain,  
 (As once thy Predecessor) Kings again.  
 So pompons, so pyramidal, as it  
 It wou'd on tiptoes checkmate Tenariff.  
 Such are the All-magnificent contrives,  
*Wolsie* can ne'er be dead whilst *Wadlow* lives.

The Turkey-work about the Dyning-Room,  
 Wou'd make a *Sultan* think himself at home.  
 The Chimny-Piece does Modern Art surpass,  
 No hand can do the like, but *Phidias*.  
 Pictures so quaint, so to the Life excell,  
 You wou'd not think 'um hang'd, they look so well.  
 Cathedral Windows carry there the Bay,  
 Where many quarrels are, but not a fray.  
 I need no story of the Hangings tell,  
 Arras it self's sufficient Chronicle.

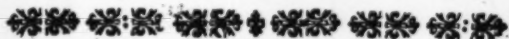
Here every Chamber has an Aquaduct;  
 As if the *Sun* had Fire for Water truckt.  
 Water as 'twere exhal'd up to Heavens shrouds,  
 To cool the Cups and Glasses in the Clouds;  
 Which having done, from the Coelestial Towers,  
 Like *Jove* himself you send it down in showers.  
 For Gold and Silver, Brass and Pewter, Iron,  
 A Mine of each seems the whole house t'environ;  
 Latin and Lead, and what not? All agree,  
 Here the Seven Planets keep their Heptarchie.

But to the Cellar now, that happy Port,  
 Where *Bacchus* in the Arches keeps his Court.  
 No more of the *Exchange*, Let People talk;  
 Here's the High-*German*, *French*, and *Spanish* walk:  
 In this low Country, is high Country Wine,  
 Here's your old mellow Malaga, Muscadine,  
 Canary, Florence, and Medera's here:  
 Or in a word, here is Wine with one Eare.  
 What shall I say? in vain I further write,  
 Here's all that's Rare, that's Racy, Rich & Right:  
 Such choice of choices, none amiss can call,  
 'Twould almost fuddle me to name 'um all.  
 But that's a task no Poet can fulfill,  
 Except he write with a Canary quill.  
 Thus, thus the *Sun*, as with invisible Ropes,  
 Draws all the *Change*, and makes 'um *Heliotropes*:

You'd

You'd think, to see the Crouds that thicher run,  
A Man in *Pauls* were but a Moat i'th' *Sun*.

*Regia Solis ibi sublimibus alta columnis,  
Clara micante auro est —*



*Upon a Silver Box presented to  
His Mistress, with this Paper  
in It.*

A Box, and nothing else, were to address  
My Self unto You but in emptiness;  
I therefore thought convenient to impart,  
This Paper as the Picture of my heart;  
Think it *Pandora's* Box; for I wou'd here,  
All that is pure or precious should appear.  
Here are no Rings or Rubies in it, but  
What's fairer, there a faithful heart is put.  
A love shall last, and all esteem surmount,  
When Pearls like Pebbles turn to no account.  
Nor brings it Civet; what alas, is that?  
The Excrement of an outlandish Cat.  
'Tis no Tobacco Box, whose *Indian* smoke,  
Should your pure Nostrils, like a Chimny choke.

No ; To send such a Box to thee (my dear)  
 Another Box might well become my Ear.  
 But here's a choice pertume, shall hence arise,  
 Grateful as Incence lighted by your Eyes.  
 'Tis no Tin Box, nor off-spring of the Kettle ;  
 But Silver, ever better Pocket mettle.  
 'Tis good, yet not so great as your desert :  
 However ope it, and you ope my heart.  
 Accept it then a Present from a Lover,  
 Be You the Bottom, and I'll be the Cover.



*Upon the Vertuous Brown ( I  
 know who ) at the Popinjay.*

Lillies and Roses, let who will go sute ye,  
 I'm for the lovely *Brown*, the lasting beauty.  
 Her Cheeks are Roses, need no thorny fence,  
 And there's no Lilly like her Innocence.  
 Their blossoms are but slaves to every blast ;  
 But she's the same, when *Spring* and *Autumn*'s past.  
 Her *May*'s Eternal ; She, when envious Time  
 Shall be no more, Is then but in her Prime,  
 She shall bid all these fading *Formes* adieu,  
 And Heaven and Earth shall for her sake be new.

You



You see the out-side of the Cabinet,  
But 'tis within her crowned graces set.  
Were you into an Angel but refin'd,  
You then might read the Mirrour of her mind;  
Not but the luster of her lovelyer face,  
Need not, nay ought not to the best give place.  
Her thoughts are chaster than the Virgin snow:  
*Diana* for a Temple there might go.  
*Arabian* Odours have her bosome blest,  
The Phoenix there might come and find her Nest.  
Such, so all pure is her Complexion known,  
Sweeter than Cinnamon, softer than Down.  
Nature in silence tells us to this brown,  
Not the World's eye has tan'd her, but her own:  
Her sweet symmetrick looks that so controul,  
Are but the Mask, and shadow of her Soul.  
Where all perfections to that height aspire,  
Women may envy, but Men must admire.

---



*Upon a Token drunk at the Star,  
sent Me by Honest Tho. Ridland,  
at the Popinjay in Norwich.*

[ 1 ]

**A** Token (*Tom!*) believ't 'twas kindly done;  
It made us forth-with to *Star* Tavern run,  
To tast the Claret, from the Hoghead spun.

[ 2 ]

We washt it down, and bravely, ask *Frank Barton*,  
With t'other, t'other, t'other, t'other quart on,  
We only wanted thee (*Tom*) and *Jack Wharton*.

[ 3 ]

It was indeed a seasonab'le boon,  
Soon we concluded on't, and went as soon,  
And drank by *Star*-light all the Afternoon.

Thou

## [4]

Thou hast thy mind in Silver to me broken,  
 For such, who always have me fairly spoken,  
 And nothing sent, I value not a Token.

## [5]

My Book I now do to the Press design,  
 And take so well this kindness (Tom) of thine,  
 As I'm in thy books, thou shalt be in mine.

## [6]

I this, amongst the special favours rank;  
 And, both the Bearer, and bestower thank,  
 For thou art Free (Tom) and the Bearer Frank.



*Upon a SPARROW catcht at a  
 Pipe of Canary.*

**T**His is a wonder, Drawer, score it up;  
 A Sparrow taking of a chirping Cup?  
'Tis

'Tis like the Bird, his fancy somewhat ripe,  
 To the Canary flew to tune the Pipe.  
 Why? if the Pipe was out of tune? then pray,  
 Why should the Sparrow to his Ruine play?  
 The curious Bird plaid on the Pipe, perchance  
 To see the Rats unto the Sack-Butt dance.  
 The Drawers eye, th'unlucky Bird beset,  
 Who stead of drawing Wine, did draw his Net.  
 Sure says the Drawer, when h'as drunk his fill,  
 He means to pay me, for he has a Bill.  
 Why should thy eye, and spirit be so narrow?  
 Poor Bird, alas! he drinks but like a Sparrow.  
 May be, and do you on its ruines look;  
 The Sparrow this for a Hedg-Tavern took:  
 If any mischief then, you to him do;  
 You'l prove your self worse hedg-bird of the two.  
 He sips, he sips, the Drawer says, and reels,  
 But certainly he'l never take his heels:  
 No, nor he need not, had he drunk till night,  
 Like *Icarus*, he was prepar'd for flight.  
 But when the Drawer saw he drank all weathers,  
 Not trusting to his heels, but to his feathers;  
 In rage says he, and then himself bestird,  
 This Sparrow sure, is a Canary bird:  
 He caught him fast, and brought him to the Barr,  
 VWho had recovered, had he come i'th' Ayre.  
 He was a Cup too low; for be it known,  
 H'ad ne'er been over-taken, if high-flown.



## *The Willow Garland.*

**H**OW many Coronets of Daffodillies?  
 Of purer Roses, and of *Paphian* Lillies,  
 Wove thy false hope, for her thou thought'st thine  
 (own,  
 When *Fate* was wreathing *Willows* for thy *Crown*?  
 Unhappy faith, to trust so false a Love,  
 Cou'd fast and loose thee in thy *Myrtle Grove*!  
 Those blisful shades, where every sacred bough  
 Offer'd it self to kifs, and *Crown* thy brow!  
 Thy Tongue, alas! is lost in the surprize,  
 And nothing now is fluent, but thine Eyes.  
 From whose all-watery banks, these *Willows* spread  
 And plat a woful *VWillow* for thy Head.  
 On every Leaf crowns thy neglected hair,  
 Hang all thy fears, cares, doubts, sighs and despair;  
 VVhilst o're thy *Crown*, as other crowns, the loss  
 Of all thy Presents is a real Cross.  
 Unfortunate! that all Herbs Powers cou'd not  
 (not!  
 Cure thy deep wounds, and unkind *Hymen* wou'd  
 But, since their vertues fail, seek it in death,  
 And change thy *Willow* for a *Cypress* wreath.  
 For-

Forfaken? 'tis a sound to be abhord;  
Some blasted Air form'd that unlucky word.

(Her;

Suppose, since for her Sex thou can'st not fight  
Thy choler, sulphur, and thy fury Nitre.  
To this thy Willow add, and thou hast Powder:  
And couldst thou fancy rage, or vengeance lowder.  
Thy heavy heart, next into Bullets cast;  
Sure thou for her wilt be prepar'd at last.  
Then from her flinty bosome strike a spark,  
And fire it at her heart, she's a fair mark.  
But now I think upon't, thou mayst desist,  
It is a *White* thy destiny has mist:  
Content then with thy Chaplet, set thee down:  
Who can despair, when sorrow has a Crown?



*Upon a Miller's Son,  
Sometimes a Peticannon, but turn'd  
out for disaffectedness to Epis-  
copacy.*

**L**ong have I labour'd betwixt wrath and scorn  
And not in pity, but contempt forborn.

I should e're this, have smit him hip and thigh,  
 But that my honour and disdain cry'd fie.  
 Yet lest my temper he as soft should blame,  
 And say I wou'd, but cou'd not right my fame:  
 I'll carbonade him with my Catstooth Pen,  
 And kick his collops into torm agen;  
 I'll give the Brute a mark to know him by,  
 More legible than *Cleveland's* Hue and Cry.  
*Imprimis*, He's a Revelation Beast,  
 A Linsie-woolsie, Brownish, Pyebald Priest.  
 He's round and royal; what you please, a man,  
 That's both a *Jew*, and a *Samaritan*.  
 He is a kind of a Nine Acred fop,  
 A May-Pole with a Weather-Cock a top.  
 His stature might a Ship for a Mast fit,  
 And yet this Gyant is a dwarf in wit.  
 Of one that sprung from such a wellwrought Mill,  
 Never was upper Room furnisht so ill.  
 He loves his Body better than his Soul,  
 Nor wou'd he come at Church, but to take Toll.  
 He's a dilemma betwixt heart and tongue,  
 As his Religion in the Hopper hung.  
 He comes as one had of the loaves a sense,  
 And serves *St. Peter* for *St. Peter's* Pence.  
 When pay-day comes the *Surplice* has no harm in't,  
 When pay-day's past, a *Babilonish* Garment. ~~But~~  
 Truly, whines he, the Anthems would be sweeter,  
 Were they but tagg'd with *Mr. Sternhold's* Meeter;  
 Yet

Yet as for Company, he bears a part,  
 But he has only *Hopkins* in his heart.  
 And when an Anthem in the Quire they name,  
 He warbles to another of the same :  
 A second part, which he can sweetly do,  
 And play too on the living Organ too.

Observe the Buzzard at the Eagles tail,  
 He turls his *surplice* like a Wind mill Sail :  
 And wrytts himself into as many shapes,  
 As *Proteus*, or a Collony of Apes.  
 As if that decency and order were,  
 Fitter for *Peter's Lunsford* far, than here.  
 Where he does loit, and wear more *Cushions* forth,  
 Than all the Sermons e're he preacht were worth.  
*Brundel*, and *Brason*, and a *Christ-Church Cannon*,  
 Are Cures too trivial to imploy this Man on.  
 But he has *Strampshall*, *Austins*, *Peters* too,  
 More than this *Tobit*, and his Dog can do.  
 To travel to 'um. Yet you'l often see,  
 This Man invey against Pluralitie.  
 These his six Livings are, but he does say,  
 Had he but seven, H'ad one for the Lord's Day :  
 And yet he has, (as he does things contrive)  
 So many Livings that he cannot live.  
 So he himself, so he his Cures has serv'd :  
 He's like his Congregation, almost starv'd.  
 But now he quacks, a Doctor of great skill,  
 To Cure their bodies, though their souls he kill ;

Thus



Thus kill or Cure, he thrives; if the Corps fall, A  
 He then gets Mony for the burial.  
 But this indeed does seem a natural smack,  
 The Miller that begat him was a Quack.  
 He does himself 'twixt this and r'other side,  
 Like *Beckles Steeple*, from the Church divide.  
 What is he? He is neither wise, nor fool,  
*A Tertium Neutrum*: Or an upstart Mule.  
 He is, and guesses by what is said before,  
 A Cannon of a Presbyterian boar.  
 A Cannon said I? he alas! is none,  
 He is a Blunderbuss, an Elder-Gun.  
 He's ever loving, and he's ever loathing,  
 He is so many things indeed, he's Nothing.



## Defiance to the Dutch.

**R** Ob'd of our Rights? and by such *Water-rats*?  
 We'll doff their *Heads*, if they wo'nt doff  
 (their *Hats*;  
 Affront too *Hogen-Mogen* to Endure!  
 'Tis time to box these *Butter-Boxes* sure.  
 If they the *Flags* undoubted Right deny Us?  
 Who wo'nt strike to us, must be stricken by Us.

A Crew of *Boars*, and *Sooterkins*, that know;  
 Themselves, they to our Blood and Valour owe.  
 Did we for this, knock off their *Spanish* fetters,  
 To make 'um able to abuse their betters?  
 If at this Rate they Rave; I think 'tis good,  
 Not to omit the *Spring*, but let 'um blood.

Rouze then Heroick *Brittains*, 'tis not words;  
 But wounds must work with *Leather Apron* Lords.  
 Since they are deaf, to them your meaning break;  
 With mouths of brass, that words of Iron speak.  
 I hope we shall to purpose the next bout  
 Cure 'um, as we did *Opdam* of the Gout.  
 And when i'th bottom of the Sea they come,  
 They'l have enough of *Mare Liberum*.  
 Our brandisht steel, though now they seem so tall,  
 Shall make 'um lower than Low-Country, fall.  
 But they'l e're long, come to themselves you'l see,  
 VVhen we in Earnest are at *Snick a Sneer*.  
 When once the *Boars* perceive our *Swords* are drawn  
 And we converting are those *Boars* to brawn.

Me thinks the Ruine of their *Belgick* banners  
 Last Fight, almost as ragged as their manners;  
 Might have perswaded 'um to better things,  
 Than be so sawcy to their betters, *Kings*.  
 Is it of *Wealth* they are so proud become?  
*Charles* has a Wain I hope to fetch it home:  
 And with it pay himself his just Arrears,  
 Of *Fishing* Tribute for this Hundred Years.

That

That we may say, as all the store comes in,  
 The *Dutch*, alas, have but our Factors bin,  
 They fathom Sea and Land, we when we please  
 Have both the *Indies* brought to our own Seas.  
 For Rich, and proud, they bring in Ships by shoals,  
 And then we humble them to save their Souls.

Pox of the'r Pictures, if we had 'um here,  
 We'd find 'um frames at *Tyburn* or else where.  
 The next they draw, be it their Admirals,  
 Transpeciated into Fynaes, and Scales;  
 Or, which wou'd do as well, draw if they please  
*Opdam*, with the Seven sinking Provinces;  
 Or draw their Captains from the conquering Main  
 First beaten home, then beaten back again.  
 And after this so just, though fatal strife,  
 Draw their dead *Boars* again unto the Life:  
 Lastly, remember to prevent all laughter,  
 Drawing goes first, but hanging follows after,  
 If then Lampooning thus be their undoing,  
 Who pities them, that purchase their own ruine?  
 Or will hereafter trust their Treacheries,  
 Until they leave their Heads for Hostages.  
 For, as the Proverb has of *VWomen* said —  
 Believe 'um not, nay though you'd swear th'are dead.  
 The *Dutch* are Stubborn, and will yield no fruit,  
 Till, like the *Walnut Tree*, ye beat 'um to't.

L. Orat. *Injurias & non redditas, causam  
 bujusce esse belli audisse videor.*

F

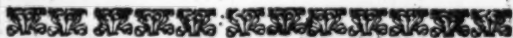
Upon

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*Upon a Friend Lamenting the  
Loss of Learning.*

**A**RE there such Arts, as Scholars liberal call?  
To me, alas! they are not Liberal;  
VVell then, by this I see that every Man  
Is not cut out for a *Corinthian*,  
But could there be, or did my Friends divine,  
No *Mercurius* carv'd out of this block of mine?  
Did they so bitter Root, my Youth deter,  
Bitter? ah me! my loss is bitterer,  
For wanting Learning, O how pleasant fruit!  
VVhilst others freely talk, I must sit mute.  
I'm no *a* Man ordain'd for *Dover* Court,  
For I'm a hearer still, where I resort.  
And give attention to the words I hear,  
As if even then I at some Sermon were.  
I am a shadow, or a Bell without  
A Clapper, for my noise comes never out.  
Let others by my looks my meaning spell,  
I must say nothing, if I would say well.  
The Proverb says, Art has no Enemy,  
But Ignorance, that Proverb's crost in me,

I envy no Man his acquired Parts,  
 But am an honourer of the generous Arts.  
 Howe'er my brains be coffin'd up in bark,  
 For though my eyes be clear, my head is dark.  
 Nay, even an Eccho in the witty throng,  
 Can answer better, though she have no Tongue.  
 Thus, while I'm mute, to purchase wisdom by't;  
 My very face does play the Hypocrite.



*To a Coy Lady that wou'd not  
 come to a Treat.*

**A**Nd wou'd not that imperious *Cloya* come?  
 Troth I'm glad on't, let her keep at home.  
 And banquet on the barren walls, proud creature  
 Whilst I for this small charge escape a greater.  
 My wishes are no more to see her face,  
 Ere such a *Juno*, I'll a Cloud embrace  
 Her fancy, faith, will ne'er with mine agree,  
 If she presume I should her shadow be.  
 I'm of too clear a spirit, never stir.  
 Run to the Devil, I'll ne'er follow her.  
 Let her create a Mantle of the dark,  
*Daphne* be dam'd and smother'd in her bark.

Has she so much, or else so little grace,  
 She dare not look an honest Man i'th' face?  
 If shame with held her? be that shame proclaim'd  
 A shame of which, even shame might be asham'd.



*Upon the great FIRE at St.*  
*Catharines, on Whitsunday, 1672.*

**W**Hat our *Whitsunday* was, *St. Catharin* may  
 Too sadly say, was her *Ashwednesday*.  
 Or, which indeed may be too truly se'd,  
 What our *Whitsunday* was, ah! 'twas her Red.  
 Imperious Element! 'cause thy hand was in;  
 Couldst not conclude there where thoudidst begin.  
 One house (fierce Fire) had been too large a share,  
 Must those that struck thee not have neighbors fare?  
 Could nothing intercept thy running on,  
 Must every house have an Ucaligon?  
 Couldst thou devour poor Widows houses too,  
 And not have so much as pretence to shew?  
 VVouldst thou with *Phaeton* once more aspire  
 To heaven, and set the world again on Fire?  
 Or didst design the *Hamlets* to undo,  
 To make the Suburbs, like the City, new?

O that since Floods of tears could not suffice ,  
*Niles Catarracts* had pist out both thine eyes !  
 Or he that *Tagus* up a Mountain drew, (too,  
 Had drawn the *Thames* up he'e, and drown'd thee  
 That hadst no pity left, but to destroy  
 So many houses at a Tide of Joy.  
 Ah cruel Tyrant, Fire ! who can express  
 The aking hearts of the poor harbourless !  
 In a condition worse than Snails now grown,  
 For they have houses, these alas ! have none.  
 Whose glittering Canopy o're their sad heads  
 Are sky, and stars, and the cold earth their beds.  
 Such as but yesterday could Thousands boast,  
 Have in a moment, all their substance lost.  
 And now expos'd to wind and weather lye,  
 Examples of this VVorlds inconstancy:  
 Whilst they poor wretches are constrain'd to come  
 Abroad these holy days, for want of home.  
 Proud spark I did ever Deity do so ?  
 To burn thy Altars, and thy Temples too ?  
 Henceforth I'll warm with wine, and exercise,  
 Let Salamanders to the Sacrifice.  
 Colds not, at least the Colliers Ships reprieve,  
 But for *Newcastle* (fire) thou couldst not live.  
 VVas ever Tyrant yet so sense'ess seen,  
 Like thee, to blow up his own Megaz'in ?  
 Famish for want of Fewel, and expire  
 In thine own Rubish, as neglected Fire.

Yet pittie I thy Pitchy servants ruine,  
 Whose Ribs contribute to their own undoing,  
 Bold fire I wou'd we had let thee still alone,  
 Lockt in the silent bosome of a stone.  
 And not have made our selves so overwise,  
 To find what heaven had hidden from our eyes.  
 Must we still *Phanix* like from Ashes grow?  
 See what our sins, and senseless Servants do!  
 Well, well, wild Fire, remember for this bout,  
 When I lock in my doors, I'll put thee out.



*Upon a Rusty Patch on an Iron  
 Face.*

**M**Ad Scab have at ye; you expect a claw,  
 To keep the leachery of your itch in awe.  
 But 'twill not do, I dare not come so nigh,  
 For scabs are Cabins where the Vermin lye.  
 Why hast thou like a fool, thy Mony spent,  
 To make that pocky blotch a *Persian Tent*?  
 Thou didst a Whore and Clap together get,  
 And thou hadst torn her Scarf to cover it.  
 The Pox wou'd fain peep out there, but that you  
 Are so asham'd, you clap the Casement too.

Thou



Thou shouldst to contradiction be a kin,  
To wear a beauty spot upon thy Chin:  
No, no; there is no beauty in the case;  
'Tis but a knot upon thy Waincoat face.  
But will your Copy-hold endure the tutching,  
Why then in plain, 'tis a blot in your Scutchin,  
Which we must not a patch, but plaister call,  
Not bought at *Change*, but beg'd at th'*Hospital*.  
Nor dost thou patch, but botch; why dost not send  
And draw the hole up with a *Cobler's End*?  
Your goodness is broke out, and therefore (Sir)  
The woddan Draper's turn'd a Plaisterer.  
VVhy dost thou finger't so? and keep a coil,  
To trim a face, that is it self a foil.  
Indeed I question which the foil wou'd be,  
The leporous looks, or rusty taffetic.  
Yet hast thou, when a Gyrn thou dost advauce,  
A merry, of a murry countenance.  
*Westphalia* here brings her resemblance in,  
Thy Face the *Bacon* is, thy Spot the Skin.  
Yet not to bring thy Visage in disgrace,  
Come, hang't, 'twill serve for a good riding face.

---



*Upon one that promised me Four  
Cravats, boasting he had Fifty.*

SURE, (*Will.*) you got, by some face's designs,  
All *Danaus* Daughters for your Valentines,  
Twas but a dream I fear, and truly I  
Did never dream you would tell such a lye.  
If you have Ten? thank an industrious VVife,  
One Hempen one, wou'd serve you all your life.  
You promis'd me Four. in a high carouse,  
The Mountain swel'd, & it brought forth a *Mouſe*.



*Upon a Trusty Taylor.*

THAT shrid of Gentry, nickt *Sir Thomas*,  
Chamelion, fed with Aire of promise.  
A true believer, but he hath  
Not the least jot of saving Faith;

For,

For, as he liv'd among the *Turks*,  
 He's damn'd already for his Works:  
 Did ever *Taylor* venture so?  
 For damage, and damnation too.  
 Poor *Taylor* working thus e' his loss,  
 He represents the Thief on th' Cross.



*To the Gentile Drapers in St.  
 Paul's Church-Yard, retorting to  
 the Play call'd, The Citizen turn'd  
 Gentleman.*

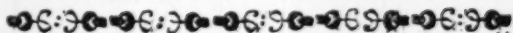
**T**He *Citizen* turn'd *Gentleman*? what then?  
 The *Gentleman* is here turn'd *Citizen*.  
 The Court, and City, like those filken worms,  
 Meet in the vast vicissitude of *Formes*.  
 Me thinks, in your brave presences, I view  
 The City's Glory, and the Country's too.  
 In worst of times you have the best appear'd,  
 The Church's Champions, and *S. Paul's* Life-guard.  
 We can read Royalty on every brow;  
 'Tis therefore rightly styl'd the *Royal Row*.

Whom

Whom we, for this, the Churches Guardians call,  
 For you have built your Houses, as its wall.  
 And shou'd, as well your duty, as your skill,  
 Though there no *Temple* be, ther's *Templars* still.  
 And when Phanaticks one another call  
 To Meetings, you are constant to Saint *Paul*.  
 Whom from the factions, giddy, rude, and vain,  
*Paul* has distinguisht, even by St. *Paul's* Chain.  
 Or thus read the distinction, if you please?  
 The Christians from the Scribes and Pharisees.

These, these the honour'd Citizens, are all  
 Brave Fellow-commoners of the Kingdoms Hall.  
 These younger Brothers are, that Money get,  
 And purchase primogeniture by wit.  
 Who failing Families rear up agen,  
 And prove themselves the better Gentlemen:  
 They prop the falling Houses, and restore  
 That lustre the dull Heir had dimm'd before.  
 Though they, as Sheriffs, spend at such a rate,  
 Wou'd shake the moy'tie of a good estate,  
 The swelling *Thames*, like that of *seven* mouth'd  
 Enriches round about her all the Soile. (Nile.  
 This City sets in her Tryumphant Chair,  
 And all the Country, but her Tenants are.

Upon

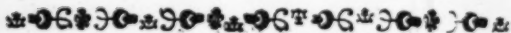


*Upon one Mrs. K---, who sets  
all her Neighbours together by the  
Ears with lying Tales.*

**C**Ease superannuate, mischievous Creature;  
Thou art a K — by name, a Slut by nature,  
Dam'd Author of Division, thou art one  
The Devil stamp't his cloven foot upon,  
Dissentions seminary; Thou art but  
A busy body, and an idle Slut.  
Yea thou art she, that had'st thou power to do't,  
Woudst tear in twain our Saviours seamless Coat?  
Thou shouldst the Goddess sure of Envy be,  
Thou art her Picture, if thou art not she.  
Tygress, thou wait'st to tear the harmless Lamb,  
And art the Devil, or the Devil's Damme.  
Arch Enemy of Peace! Thou may'st be stil'd  
The Harlot, wou'd divide the living Child.  
Thy Tongue is set on fire of Hell, and thou  
Dost A& above, but what they A& below.

Thou

Thou liv'st a Rebel to the Prince of Peace;  
 Until the Grave on thee, as Pris'ner seize.  
 Accursed tale of hers ! she runs along  
 And claps both men and women with her tongue ;  
 Go wicked woman, go ; the End on't mark,  
 Thy tales have ruin'd more than *Wherston's Park*,



# CAROLINA.

## S O N G.

[ 1 ]

**S**Hould I sigh out my days in grief,  
 And as my Beads count miseries,  
 My wound would meet with no relief ;  
 For all the Balsome of mine Eyes,  
 I'll therefore set my heart at rest,  
 And of bad market make the best.

[ 2 ]

Some set their hearts on winged wealth,  
 Others to honours Towers aspire,

But

But give me freedom and my health,  
 And there's the Summe of my desire;  
 If all the World should pay me Rent,  
 It cou'd not add to my content.

[ 3 ]

There is no fence against our fate,  
 Eyes Daughters all are born to sorrow;  
 Vicissitudes upon us wait,  
 That laugh to day, and lour to morrow.  
 Why should we then with wrinckel'd care  
 Deface what Nature made so fair.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Fair and Faithful.*

S O N G.

[ 1 ]

**G**O now, thou mighty God of Love,  
 And plough me up yond' craggy crest,  
 Where the proud Eagle rears her Nest;

But

But if thou can't not Rocks remove,  
In vain thou com'st my faith to prove.

[ 2 ]

Let Curtezans on Carpets tread,  
Embroider'd all with Gold and Pearls;  
And talk of nothing under Earls;  
Yet I more honour bring to Bed,  
In an unspotted Maiden-head.

[ 3 ]

Some pity me to see me free,  
To see me frolick, see me drink,  
Of which they know not what to think:  
Think what they will, I'll honest be;  
Till those that pity, envy me.



### *The Quakers Wedding.*

O Times! O Manners! whither's Levi fled,  
That Law and Gospel are abolished?

The



The Red-Nos'd Dragon with his Complices,  
 To Fundamental Truths Antipodes,  
 That Coccoatrice this cursed Egg has hatcht,  
 And taught us worse than ever to be matcht.  
 They publisht then at Whipping-Posts the Banes,  
 And well I think deserv'd 'um for their pains.  
 But we can marry now, hand over head,  
 And not have so much as a forme to plead:  
 We are not now unto the Justice packt,  
 (Though then there was small Justice in the Act.)  
 But we can marry of our own accord,  
 Like Jack and Gill, but leaping cross a Sword;  
 But against Parties coupled on this wise,  
*Westminster* Weddings will in Judgment rise.  
 That they should stumble, and pretend such light!  
 They marry wrong, and call't a Marriage Rite.  
 The Libertine comes in the *Levites* room,  
 And is at once the Parson and the Groom.  
 He babbles like a Bruit, and by, and by;  
 He takes the Bride, and goes to multiply:  
 The Bride? I do recall what I have se'd,  
 'Tis not a Bridal, but a Brothel-bed.  
 They for Conjunction copulative would pass,  
 When the Conjunction a Disjunctive was:  
 For having lain together all their Life,  
 They are, but as they met, not Man and Wife.  
 And for a mitigation of their Cares,  
 They may have many Children, but no Heirs.

And,

And, what a marry'd Man lov'd never yet,  
 He may a Bastard of his Wife beget.  
 For wanting Licence and Certificate,  
 He leaves his Issue Illegitimate.  
 The Sons and Daughters of the common Earth,  
 An off-spring outlaw'd in their very birth.

What made them *Jews* and *Gentiles* to invite?  
 Sure they could never hope a Proselyte.  
 How Heaven approv'd the juggle you may tell,  
 When Thunder, Lightning, and a Tempest fell:  
 So dreadful too, though at one clap it stoppt,  
 As if the Heavens into Earth's lap had dropt.  
 Confusion waited on both Men, and Meats;  
 Their Marriage and their Feast were both a cheat.  
 A wedding and no wedding brought before ye,  
 The Devil doubtless was the Directorie.  
 Some Hellebor restore 'um to recant,  
 This sordid League, and sens-less Covenant.  
 O that such vileness should affront the Sun!  
 VVould make a Corner blush to see it done!  
 VVhilst almost mad as they, the People ran,  
 To see a Sinner take a Publican.

Upon

Upon a Camp should have been  
 plaid, neer the black house by Kirby  
 for a Crown a piece, and was not.

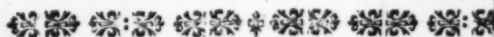
**T**HIS morning when we came to see the Camp;  
 Some had the Crotchets go', & some the cramp:  
 Where are the pledges of this hot contest?  
 I doubt in earnest you were but in jest.  
 Ye talk of Crowns, to heighten your renowns,  
 And meet like Princes, that contend for Crowns?  
 But you did talk, and I as much dare swear,  
 Of Crowns, when you in the Crown Office were.  
 Ale makes a bargain, and claps hasty hand to't,  
 And when they cannot stand, they swear to stand  
 'Tis well designs are over-night forborn, (to't.  
 The Evening is too valiant for the Morn;  
 Bodies are then too narrow for their souls:  
 Foxes are best at burroughs, not at Goals.  
 Yet sav'd your credit I presume, and cost,  
 Where there is nothing laid, there's nothing lost.  
 Lancashire Law, no lawful bargain makes,  
 Ye rob'd the hedges, if ye left your stakes:

G

Or,

Or, if indeed you left your stakes in pawn;  
Go get your Spades, & ditch, where they are drawn  
'Tis reason you your Horses necks should force  
Into the Collar, since you draw out yours.

(serveff  
Well, thou that brok'st the march, thou best de  
For legs and arms are in request in harvest;  
Had you been main'd? ye might have curst you  
A Harvest Lady does abhor a Cripple. (tiple  
But yet that none did Coat or Doublet doff,  
At the black house ye came but blewly off.  
Ropes that wou'd meet the ground can't draw y  
And yet a hair of the same dog would do't. (to  
They rendezvous, and run away like men,  
Wou'd Mr. Haiset were alive agen.



To Tom. Sharington, Com  
*mendations to mine Hostess, when  
his Mare was at Cure.*

Commend us (Tom) to all at Bale,  
Where once we drank a Cup of Ale.

Ho

How does your good old friend there fare,  
Sh'has been a Mother to your Mare;  
You may remember who I mean,  
In tru h, I have forgot her clean.  
Forget her clean, how can I too.  
Whom clean indeed I never knew.  
Or, if I ever did, 'tis yet  
So long ago, I may forget.  
I know not but she may be clean,  
By this, for she was washing then.  
And, if she be not; No way but  
To give her over for a Slut.  
And when e'er her washing's done,  
Hang her and let her cloaths alone.  
Do you not call to mind the Kitchen,  
My Landlady fate like a Witch in.  
There where we did Mundungo smoak,  
No Guynie Pepper wou'd so choak;  
Nothing (except her Washbowl) could;  
A sense-confusion with it hold.  
You know the Cellar's just between,  
Kitching and Stable, there I mean.  
There where your eye-sore Mare turn'd taile;  
Upon the bowssing Tub of Ale;  
And with her launt did it supply,  
Fast as mine Hostess drew it dry.  
Where she did batten on the dung,  
And bake it for a good Ale Bung.

O! if you chance pass by her Door,  
 I prithee (Tom) commend me to her :  
 And send me word next Post, that I may tell  
 Our Mother Damnable, her Sisters well.



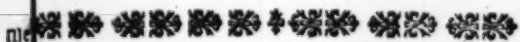
*Upon a great Windy Night.*

**W**Hat time soft slumber in her armes did  
 My Bed turn'd Cradle, and the Wind did  
 (lock me  
 (rock me

But fear of a dead sleep me waking kept,  
 The more that I was rockt, the less I slept.  
 Suspicion bad me quickly quit my Bed,  
 For fear I brought an old house on my head.  
 But faster than I could get on my cloths,  
 The unseen winds from misty caverns rose.  
 The Earth's deliver'd of a Timpanic,  
 And all the Captives of her womb set free.  
 I envy'd the instinct of Rats and Mice,  
 That run away by their own Prophecies.  
 Sometime I think, and that my dread reforms,  
 Old houses oftner fall in calms than stormes,  
 But all that Observation could impart,  
 Was blown up by an earthquake of my heart.

The

Thou God of winds said I, some pitty have,  
 And reeling ships, and rotten houses save.  
 My Anchor hope fled with the flitting sand,  
 Whilst I was almost cast away by Land.  
 The wanton signs did on wind-musick play,  
 Whilst tottering turrets tript themselves away.  
 Fair Edifices in the furious stormes,  
 Relaps'd to rubbish, and forgot their formes.



*An ELEGY upon old Freeman,  
 us'd hardly by the Committee,  
 for lying in the Cathedral; and in  
 Church-Porches, praying the Com-  
 mon-prayer by heart, &c.*

**H**ere in this homely Cabinet,  
 Resteth a poor old Anchoret;  
 Upon the ground he laid all weathers,  
 Not as most Men, gooslike on feathers.  
 For so indeed it came to pass,  
 The Lord of Lords his Landlord was.  
 He liv'd instead of wainscoat rooms,  
 Like the poorest, among the tombs.

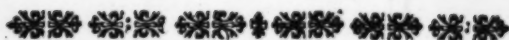
As by some Spirit thither led,  
To be acquainted with the Dead.  
Each morning from his bed so hallow'd,  
He rose, took up his cross; and follow'd.  
To every porch he did repair,  
To vent himself in Common-prayer.  
Wherein he was alone devout,  
When preaching jostled praying out.  
In such procession, through the City,  
Maugre the Devil and Committee,  
He daily went; for which he sell,  
Not into *Jacob's*, but *Bridewell*.  
Where you might see his loyal back,  
Red letter'd like an Almanack.  
Or, I may rather else aver,  
Dominickt like a Calendar.  
And him tryumphing at the harme,  
Having naught else to keep it warm.  
With *Paul* he always praid, no wonder;  
The lash did keep his flesh still under.  
Yet whipcord seem'd to loose its sting,  
When for the Church, or for the King.  
High Loyalty; in such a dearth,  
Cou'd baffle torments with mean Earth.  
He did not for his sufferings pass,  
Who, spight of bonds, still *Freeman* was.  
'Tis well his Pate was weather-proof,  
For Palace-like it had no Root;



The hair was off, and 'twas the fashion,  
The Crown being under Sequestration:  
Though bald as Time, and Mendicant,  
No Fryer yet, but Protestant.  
His head each Morning, and each Even,  
Was water'd with the dew of Heaven.

He lodg'd alike, dead and alive, *Bury'd on a Hill in*  
*As one that did his grave survive. the cloyster yard,*  
For he is stil, though he be dead, *where he slept, &*  
But in a manner put to bed. *fund himself with*  
His Cabin being above ground yet, *his Head upon*  
Under a thin Turf-coverlet. *a Stone.*

Pitty he in no porch does lay,  
That did in Porches so much pray;  
Yet let him have this Epitaph,  
Here sleeps old *Jacob* Stone and Staff.



*An ELEGY upon Sir Joseph  
Payne, sometimes Major and Col-  
lonel of the Train'd Bands of the  
City of Norwich, who dyed in  
Harvest.*

**S**O falls a shock in season; Heaven we see,  
Has begun Harvest then as well as we:  
Not without rain too, though in deep laments,  
Our Eyes out-vie the melting Elements;  
Yet weep not; *Joseph* is but sent before ye,  
The Grave his *Egypt* is, the Heavens his Glory.

Such was his just, and generous behaviour,  
Got him the Peoples love and Princes favour.  
To the Kings hand he owes his great renown:  
But still the merit of it to his own.  
He was till Nature's oyl decay'd, a Lamp  
That did enlighten both the Court and Camp.  
Whilst like the Orbs commanding from a far,  
He that our Pilot was, is now our Star.  
Which though by many spears divided hence,  
Governs this City still by influence.

The

The solemn pomp that did attend his Herse,  
Lookt, as if death and triumph had converse.  
They parly, and deliberate of dying,  
With lighted Matches, and with colours flying,  
As if his Soul of honour ever tender,  
In spite of death, wou'd upon terms surrender,  
And bravely brav'd it out, till like *Ostend*,  
Nothing remain'd, but Rubbish to defend.

With folded armes the men at armes marcht on  
As from the Victory of *Abolon*.  
The stand of Pikes their lofty heads did hide,  
And Swords like Bandaliers hung a to-side.  
Muskets are charg'd, recoil from off their Rests,  
And Funeral-fire knocks at the Souldiers breasts.  
At last they roar it out as thither led,  
Like the last Trumpet to awake the dead.  
Whilst every Volly as it rends and raves,  
Foretells an Earthquake and presents them graves.

To Charity the way he nobly led,  
And dy'd to let us see she was not dead.  
But what his bounty, with the highest ranks,  
It was not known till it could know no thanks.  
That empty puff of praise he car'd not for,  
The Benefactor is God's Creditor.  
Before the Famine, *Joseph* layes up Corn;  
And milk provided is for babes unborn.  
Just thus the God of Charity began,  
First he made ready meat, and then made Man.

Pure

Pure Eleemosyne thus to contrive,  
 Like providence to keep the World alive.  
 Mammon well laid out, mony wisely given:  
 Like Forein Bills paid at first sight in heaven.  
 What can I further add? here in a word,  
 Lyes the Comptroller of the Gown, & Sword.



*An ELEGY Perpetuated to the  
 Memory of Henry Terne, Esq;  
 Captain of the Triumph.*

**T**HUS fell he at hard fates command,  
 Yet like himself with Sword in hand.  
 What pitty 'twas he could not git  
 So neer, as to make use of it.  
 To try it out with manly strife  
 Of Sword! He then had sold his life.  
 So dear a bargain to the Dutch,  
 They ne'er had wisht another such;  
 He had so handy-grip'd his foe,  
 But Bullets no distinction know.  
 For Canons are a like disease,  
 To Clineas, and to Pyrocles.

Four *Spanish* ships at once he fought,  
 And from 'um all the Garland brought.  
 But afterwards, (pitty say I)  
 Where Cowards live, the Valiant dye :  
 This Son of Honour laid his head,  
 With honour, down on Honour's Bed.  
 And certainly he wants no room,  
 That has the Ocean for his Tomb.  
 Whom now in scorn of future harmes,  
 The Seas embrace with out-stretcht Armes.  
 The Royal Herring brings his Crown,  
 And at his Feet he layes it down :  
 Ten Thousand Dolphins next resort,  
 And play about to make him sport.  
 A Sea-Horse was his Horse of State,  
 For Champion, he a Sword Fish gate.  
 And *Neptune*, coming to the place,  
 Converts his Trident to a Mace.  
 Only the *Syrens* from him swim,  
 Afraid to be out-charm'd by him ;  
 Thus high, or low, be where he will,  
 He's Captain of the *Triumph* Bill.

But, having thus the Ocean crost,  
 Let me now tell ye what we lost.  
 No Plummet could his Learning sound,  
 Alive, and dead too, he's profound.  
 So qualify'd, he could prevail,  
 Alike with Gown, and Coat of Mail.

He

He had a hand would all things sute,  
 Either the Sword, the Pen, or Lute.  
 Thus we in one have lost all three,  
*Apollo, Mars, and Mercurie.*

No more then on the question stand,  
 The Seas now richer than the Land.

And we may well say Loyalty,  
 Lies in the bottom of the Sea.



*An ELEGY upon the Right  
 Worshipful Sir Thomas Rant.*

**L**ooks take your leave of smiles ; let every eye  
 Be drest in sorrows saddest Livery.  
 Prepare for newes, for news that will depress  
 Your Spirits with a load of Heaviness.  
 Where every Mourner cause has to be chief,  
 There needs gradation to so great a grief !  
 He's fain, he's fain ! a Man of that renown,  
 The wonder, and the glory of the Gown.  
 Whom *Norfolk* call'd (that well his learning knew)  
 Laws Oracle, and Lord Chief Justice too.  
 Were cases ne'er so nice, he needed not  
 With *Alexander* cut the Gordian knot :

His

His piercing Eye enlighten'd by his wit,  
What others tore a pieces could unknit :  
Such was his love to Justice too, that Might  
Could never boast the Victory of Right.  
His Poise so just was, and his Scales so even,  
Men thought *Astrea* came again from heaven.  
He still made Peace, deliver'd the Opprest,  
And therefore had the promise to be blest.  
Thus, thus he liv'd, and went at his decease,  
As a Peace-maker, to the Prince of Peace.  
He got enuff, and when enuff, did know,  
I wou'd all other Lawyers wou'd do so.  
Heaven, out of doubt (& heaven alone knows best)  
In kindness gave him his *Quietus est*.

His charity, which with the best compares,  
He writ himself in living Characters.  
He has, as it sufficiently is known,  
Provided for more Widows than his own.  
Learned he was, and Loyal too, if we  
Mayn't rather say, Learning and Loyaltie.  
In summe, he such accomplishments engroft,  
'Tis not one Age can say what we have lost.  
Well may we then go weep our fountains dry,  
And leave a deluge for posterity.



*An ELEGY upon Miles Hobart, Esq; who dy'd the Friday before good Friday.*

What time we thought our *fasting* almost done,  
 Another *Lent* our mourning has begun.  
 A *Lent* two *Fridays* hath, both dy'd in blood,  
 Ah me (sweet *Miles*) the bad forestalls the good:  
 And yet, please you? we'l both good *Fridays* call,  
 His for himself, our Saviour's for us all.

He left no Widow to bedew his Hearse,  
 With fruitless, if not hypocritick teares.  
 But, as an Angel of a nobler Sphear,  
 He was in this, as all things, singular.  
 Such was his lofty, and prodigious Wit,  
 No *Jacob's* staff could take the height of it.  
 And such his candour, *Titus* like, he sent  
 None from his presence sad, or discontent.  
 So just, so generous, so gentile was he,  
 No Man can say, h'as lost an Enemy.  
 Coaches and numerous Horimen have wel-prov'd,  
 How much lamented, and how much belov'd.

Who



Who thought it not enuff at home to mourn,  
 But many Miles rid weeping to his Urne:  
 Where neither Brass, nor Marble need be spent  
 Name but *Miles Hobart*, 'tis a Monument.



*An Elegy upon the Reverend  
 John Porter, D. D. and Prebend  
 of Christ-Church in Norwich.*

A Star is fain, an Orb does disappear,  
 Was late the glory of our Hemispher.  
 So vast his Learning, this all-knowing Man,  
 Was lookt on as a living Vatican.  
 For Piety, he was so all divine  
 That *Moses*-like his very face did shine.  
 His Loyalty I need not here maintain,  
 His sufferings show he lov'd his Sovereign.  
 But maugre Men and Devils, he laid down  
 His head in peace, and with a silver Crown.  
 Yet liv'd to see his Prince, and give God praise,  
 For ten illustrious Restauration dayes.  
 His Sons all prosper, and his Daughters are,  
 Like polisht Corners of the Temple, fair. As

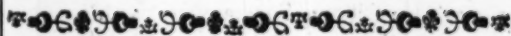
As if indulgent Heaven intended he  
Should have amends in his Posteritie.  
For his humility, this all Men know,  
Of parts so high, ne'er Man had mind more low.



### *Upon a Red Face,*

**A** Bucket ho! He shou'd be of the race,  
Of *William Rufus*, by his rufull face.  
His Nose according to the Heralds rules,  
Powder'd with Ermins is, in a field Gules.  
His face else, which does so with Rubies shine,  
A Jewellers shop is, and his Nose the sign.  
When a black Sute his Taylor does him send,  
He is a Charcole lighted at one end.  
His bow-dye Flag in the Red-squadron place,  
But he show'd a Fireship by his face.  
He is an *Olivarian*, and no wonder,  
His precious looks, what are they else but plunder?  
For, as a Maxim, this have I held ever,  
That a red face is sign of a bad Liver.  
Yet to speak truth, he has a Snout as fair,  
As rising Sun, or *Turkey*-leather Chair.  
And say no Coals, we from *Newcastle* get,  
His fiery face wou'd roast a Joynt of Meat.

*The*



*The Low Estate of the Low-  
Country Countess of Holland, on  
Her Death-bed, with the Advice  
of her Doctors, and Confessors.*

See how she lies in poor distressed state,  
Whom all her Doctors now judge desperate.  
Fain would her widen'd arms some comfort clasp,  
But comfort comes too late, at the last gasp.  
Her Children, and her near Relations run,  
About the Streets, and cry undone, undone !  
And swear that the Physicians do not come  
To Cure, but send her to her long, long home.

The North-pole Doctor feels her Pulse to be  
As feeble now, as her Authoritie:  
Whose constitution sometimes since so good,  
Had she been temperate ? she might stil have stood.  
But with her Spice-box she kept such a coile,  
She heat her blood, and made it over-boile.  
By which Distemper she a Frenzy gat,  
And said, and did at last she knew not what.

H

Nay

Nay She, in this Distemper of her Brain,  
 Fancy'd her self sole Sovereign of the Main,  
 A main mistake indeed, like Dreams of baggs,  
 Or such, wear Robes in sleep, but rise in raggs.  
 She that on Pictures doted so, may here,  
 Her self the Picture see of a dear Year.

Next Doctor to a Surfeit does impute,  
 From her devouring too much *Spanish* Fruit;  
 And not digesting Crudities, he says,  
 Has turn'd the Butter in her Maw to grease.  
 He sayes besides, her Tongue is very fowl,  
 And he is in the right on't, o' my Soul;  
 To gargle it, in vain ye go about,  
 'Twill ne'er be clean, until it be clean out.  
 Nay, she the Scurvy has too, and in truth,  
 This last Sea Fight has drawn out her last tooth.

Another says, 'tis a malignant Fever,  
 Sprung from her falser heart, and fouler Liver;  
 The ferment of her Stomack gives it way,  
 And it does on her very Vitals prey.  
 Hot-spur whips out his Lance, to let her blood,  
 Ere he her Malady well understood.  
 Yet he an able Doctor is, although  
 With her, he's no approv'd Physician now.

Hold, quoth a soberer Doctor, she's too old,  
 She's full a hundred, and her days are told.  
 Her blood is turn'd to a pituitous matter,  
 She's Dropfical, and drown'd in her own water.

She makes it freely, but no ease at all,  
Although it overflow the Urinal.

Next comes a whis'ing Doctor with a Vomit,  
But that the graver sort dissuade her from it.  
For it, alas, would but her griefs enhance,  
And make her spew out her Inhabitants :  
Her lower Region under VVater lies,  
And if ye draw it up, she drowns and dies.  
What then to her do ye intend to do ?  
She has a Feaver, and a Dropsie too.  
Her spirits that so haughty were are fled,  
And here she bed-rid lies more than half dead.  
She is departing, and the People just  
Ready to lay her honour in the dust.

Farewell Physicians, your too costly fees,  
I have Bank-rupt her, and drawn her to the Lees.  
She's in a weak estate, and now time for  
An Application to her Confessor.  
Who here, good Father, leans on the Bed-post,  
With extreme Uction, Crucifix and Host.

If any possibility appear ?  
To exorcise the Devil out of her ;  
And being for her Hellish actions sorry,  
To pray her in and out of Purgatory.  
But shrive her to the bottom ; when she is  
Fit for the next world, she is fit for this.

But stay, here comes a Doctor from the Hague ;  
A Sovereign Doctor cures her of her Plague.

She that but now was sinking, soon shall swim;  
 Soon as she swears she will be rul'd by him.  
 We hear that she has done it; Then be sure,  
 Her very Resignation is her Cure.  
 Who knows what virtues in an *Orange* dwell!  
 An *Orange* only 'tis, cou'd make her well.



The Royal Rendezvous.  
*Or, the Magnificence of His  
 Majesties Fleet.*

**B** Less me! where am I? to what Ruine bent?  
 I should be by this moving Grove in *Kent*.  
 Me thought, I saw a City on the Seas,  
 And by the Steeples told the Parishes.  
 There might be as I guess, twice seventy seven,  
 Whose *Babel* Towers were climbing up to *Heaven*.  
 Their Language was confusion, and their breath  
 Darken'd the Aire with sentences of death.  
 They seem'd as 'twere a stand of Pikes, or Trees  
 That over-top the humble Coppices.

With

With these high cowering Masts our Mu'e begins,  
 And, where such Sign-posts are, what are the *Luns*?  
 Those *Trojan* Horses, form'd by *Pallas* charms,  
 Not stuff'd with Garbidg, but with Men and Arms;  
 Those wooden Mountains, on the Navy Main,  
 As if the Gyants fought with *Jove* again.  
 If *Philip* King of *Spain* did once call his  
 Invincible, what wou'd he think of this?  
 Away with *Xerxes* Chains, fond footerie,  
 'Tis such a Fleet as this, fetters the Sea.  
 You wou'd have thought that the tumultuous *flood*  
 Was not so much an Ocean, as a Wood:  
 And that vast womb of Ships, Forest of *Dean*,  
 Stub'd by the Rebels, was grown up agen.  
 A floating Island, a Realm did surpass,  
*Denmark* and *Dantzick* for your choice of Masts.  
 I'm confident next Month we shall advance  
 May-Poles enough to make the *Dutchmen* dance.  
 Did you but see our Frigats, you would swear,  
*Norway* had left scarce either Pitch or Tar.  
 For Lead, you wou'd suppose here *Darby* was,  
 For Iron *Bilboe* and *Corinth* for Bras.  
 And for provision, you wou'd think you were  
 In *Egypt* to behold the Corn that's here.  
 Brandy, although sufficient, we decline,  
 Spirits of Men are here, give Cowa, ds wine:  
 And say, seven Provinces united be.  
 Each Ship of ours is a whole Colonie.

And lofty Waves that as Spectators crowd,  
 Honour'd with such a Fleet, may well be proud.  
 Whilst both the Waters and the VVinds agree,  
 To swell our Sailes into a Tympanie.  
 YVhat shall we not be able then to do,  
 That have great *Cæsar*, and his fortunes too.  
 And superadded to this a Cause so just,  
 We might to providence and cockboats trust;  
 But blest be Heaven, we have a Royal Fleet,  
 Will make those Picture-mongers crouch to see't,  
 Talk not of *Tempus est*, *Bacon's* an Ass,  
 Our wooden Walls are stronger than his brass.



*Upon one Bacon Rob'd by a  
 Red Coat.*

**T**He time and place, hunger and hazard set,  
 And th'Combatants, Calveshead & *Bacon* met.  
*Bacon* set up his brizzels, one wou'd pawn,  
 Their life at present, *Bacon* had been brawn,  
 YVhom the keen Souldier colard, and so home  
 Laid at him, *Bacon* was all of a some;

yVho



VWho stoutly thus retorted; he n<sup>d</sup> mistaken,  
 To stay your stomach, Sir, know I am *Bacon*.  
*Bacon* was of good chear, and thought to beat him,  
 But the rude *Redcoat* lookt as he wou'd eat him.  
 And being stomachful, he falls aboard,  
 In which sharp Conflict, *Bacon* lost his sword.  
 About his brains he brandisht his bright flasher,  
 The very sight of *Bacon* made him rasher.  
 And at each slice, cutting at *Bacon's* britch.  
 Sixteen by honours, made poor *Bacon* Flich.  
 The Son of Iron follow'd, hackt, and chopt,  
*Bacon* was fat, and in the broil he dropt.  
 VWho now his Belly full of fighting got,  
 Never alas, went *Bacon* so to Pot I  
 Tormented thus in his own grease, he fries  
 Poor *Bacon* turning up the Eggs of's Eyes.  
 And, seeing that the Souldier was so teasty,  
*Bacon* repented he had been so reasty.  
 For now he knew not what himself to do with,  
*Bacon*, alas, had ne'er a hamme to go with.  
 The Souldier from his bones the flesh had taken,  
 And made a very Sparrib now of *Bacon*.  
 At length the Souldier having out of measure,  
 Larded his leanness with fat *Bacon's* treasure,  
 Away marcht off that Rogue of the red list,  
 Whom, to his cost, *Bacon* had greaz'd ith' fist.  
*Bacon* hoy'd home too, but he cou'd not gallop,  
 A man might see *Bacon* had lost a Collop.

But how must Bacon now recruit this Lent?  
 VVhy Bacon must to Pease incontinent.  
 To change conditions, Bacon did desire,  
 Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire.  
 But it had been, had he been wise to hear?  
 Butter for Bacon he had ne'er been there.  
 VVho can but pity what the whole destroyes?  
 Never was Bacon slic'd so in a froise!  
 But e're he meet again such two-edg'd talk,  
 Bacon swears he'l be hang'd upon a bawlk:  
 And that he might the powers above acquaint,  
 Poor Bacon took him to his Gridiron-Saint:  
 Yet when at last the matter up was taken,  
 The Souldier got many a Pound of Bacon.



### *Upon the New Vizor Mask.*

**I** Have an Offering to *Lucinda's* Lipps,  
 And wou'd, but cannot pay't, for the Eclipse.  
 That keeps off my benighted Eye, I mean,  
 The Curtain that divides it from the Scene.  
 Why should the fair pursue the smoke? your brow  
 Shews Woman is a double shadow now.

The

The Raven's billing with the milky Dove ;  
And *Vulcan's* kissing of the Queen of Love.  
The Swan has clapt her foot upon her face,  
Nor can I *June* for this Cloud embrace.  
Thy fair face blamish with so foul a blot,  
Is like a *China* Dish in a black Pot.

The sight portends at least a Funeral,  
Where beauty lies under a Velvet Pall.  
Here we a Deity unknown adore,  
And dig for Silver bury'd in its Ore,  
Why should'st load a fruitful face with soil ?  
Thy beams are brighter than to need that soil.  
Let Bats, and Owles beg eye-salve of the dark,  
I cannot see my *Daphne* for her bark.

Say (my *Lucinda*) for what discontent;  
Keep thy all *Rosie* cheeks so strict a *Lent* ?  
Say, is thy face, which thou dost thus disguise,  
In mourning for the Murders of thine eyes ?  
If that be so ? (sweetest) I should be proud,  
To lend thee mine, as Conduits to this Cloud ?  
Or, if thou hadst resolv'd, not to be seen ?  
A frown to me had more than midnight been.  
Or, hadst thou envy'd me that happy sight ?  
Why didst not blind me with redundant light ?  
But, if to hide deformity ? then croud  
Ten thousand patches more into the cloud.



*A Vindication of the Vizor.  
Mask.*

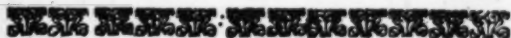
**T**hen trouble me no more, but go and ask  
*Astronomers* why *Luna* wears a Mask.  
 Or, why the Stars, that of themselves are bright?  
 For want of shadows, make a Mask of Light?  
 If, as to these, you ignorance confess,  
 How dares your rudeness then attach my dress?  
 Whose Subterfuge, I take but in Extreams,  
 Of the Face-sullying foggs, and sultry beams.  
 In softest skins my tender hands I case,  
 And wou'd you have me weather-beat my face?  
 But hold; the fashion moves you, it appears,  
 'Cause it wants tape to rack it to my eares.  
 Or cause it wants, and that's the cause I doubt,  
 My Grandam's Chin-cloth here, to eke it out.  
 No, I shall put my Mask on here, and save  
 My Muffler for my portage to my Grave.  
 A suitable, though subtle field's my Vaile,  
 Richer by far than yours, *parte per pale*.

You

You say it covers both, my Cheeks and Chin,  
And tell me, pray Sir, are not they a kin?  
But here's the matter makes my Mask unmeet,  
It hides my face, 'tis like when you wou'd see't.  
It so? I am, and with a just Excuse,  
In pitty to your weakness, a Recluse.  
For fearing a Surprize, my Face I hid,  
Lest I should tempt you with the fruit forbid.  
You say you know me not, what then? the Tree  
Of Knowledg has a Root of Miserie.  
You tell us thousand stories in your Books,  
That Women wound ye with their very looks.  
Mine may be ponyards for ought you e're saw.  
And are you angry that I do not draw?  
Mischiefs have Dragons Eyes, be wise, and keep  
Pandora's Box shut, and let Lions sleep.  
Be not so fool-hardy, and so fond of death,  
To dare out Steel, that slumbers in its sheath.  
Consider but, it is as safe to stare,  
Upon a Basilisk, as her that's fair.  
And have no hope; if she be otherwise?  
Her Mask is then a mercy to thine Eyes.  
Say I am to a state of Marriage come,  
Do I not well to keep my Face at home?  
Or, if unmarry'd; tell me why I should,  
Keep open shop, where nothing's to be sold;  
Given, or parted with; but say there were;  
Believe it, 'tis but to one Customer?

And

And to direct him to this heart of mine,  
 I need not set my Face out for a sign.  
 Thus Maid or marry'd fair, foul, what you will,  
 The *Vizor-Mask* carries a favour still.

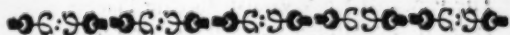


*To One that told Me, He had  
 Three Heads.*

(Head.

**T**Hree heads (dear *Will.*) you run too much a  
 If *Cerberus* you were ; you had well se'd.  
 A Serpent, which we *Amphibena* call,  
 Report allows two heads, but that is all ;  
 With this they say that she does forward go,  
 And with that, backward ; sure you do not so.  
*Janus*, I must confess two Faces had,  
 Yet to two faces, he had but one Head.  
 But you have three, or else you tell a lie,  
 Do they like *Hydra's* heads pray multiply ?  
 Come rant no more at such unlikely strains,  
 One head enuff is (*Will.*) to hold your brains.

*Upon*



*Upon a Hosier that carry'd His  
Wife to gize Her a Lobster, and  
lockt Her up in an Apothecarie's  
House, pretending her mad, where  
She was kept Fourteen Days with  
Bread and Water.*

**W**As this the *Lobster* that you meant her pray?  
Well, I commend ye, you did claw'r away.  
You Lady, and the *Lobster's* Lady met,  
But there was too much vinegar at the Treat,  
Yet by your binding to the good behaviour,  
'Twas not a *Lobster*, but a *Crab* you gave her.  
Was this to give your Wife a chearly dose,  
To carry her abroad to keep her close?  
Whom heaven made one, thus to divide, you are  
Worse than two Stockins, for they make a paire.  
Was this the way think you to tame a shrow?  
Beshrow my heart, I cannot think it so.

No,

No, no; it was in such a treacherous case,  
 The way to fit a VVoman for the Place.  
 And, if she still her wonted troth retain?  
 She's mad indeed, then, send her back again.  
 Would you your wife, alive, thus bury'd have?  
 'Cause Jealousie is cruel as the Grave.  
 Sure, having been so long your wife, it might  
 Have quencht that brand, and others appetite.  
 Come, come, I doubt, you thus made sure of her,  
 To make your self more safe Adulterer.  
 But for the 'Pothecary, may it be said,  
 A fool for once in his own Mortar braid.  
 And may the Man that won'd so fain have had  
 His Wife distracted, be Himself Horn-mad.

*Cornu petit ille Caveto.*



*Pallor in ore Sedet.*

**H**Er piteous looks may happily move  
 Compassion in Me, never Love.  
 Shall I bow down, or kneel to that,  
 Which seems to me inanimate.  
 So while I to my sute addic her,  
 I pray with *Papists* to a Picture:



Do ye not see how meager death,  
Seems through her Organs to steal breath?  
As *Sutubus* had from the dust,  
Reard her to gratify his Lust.

Tell me pale *Phebe*, do'nt you climb  
Old walls to banquet on the Lymē.  
I know you love such Festivals,  
Your white-washt cheeks resemble walls.  
Say Mother piteous, do you not  
For Oatmeal, rob the Porridg-pot?  
Run you not into private holes,  
To break your Fast with Salt, and Coals?  
I might a thousand knacks repeat,  
What could I name, but you wou'd eat?  
In shame whereof, your blood refrains  
Your Cheeks, and lurks within your veines,  
Until it be *Subpana'd* thence,  
By your flagitious Conscience.  
Nor are you *Lilly* like, but fallow,  
And sappy-countenanc'd, like tallow.  
For when your dripping Nose you handle,  
You seem to me to snuff a Candle.  
And they that keep you reap disgrace,  
Whilst Men read Famine on your Face,  
Nature's besieg'd, and all her pores  
Obstructed, block up her recourse,  
Nor can she such improvement feel,  
In *Allome* Posset, or crude Reel.

To

To whom, alas, there's nothing can  
Be so Effectual, as Man.

VVhat need we then care for such Wives?  
That marry but to save their Lives.  
He must as much, that weddeth thee,  
Thy Doctor, as thy Husband be.

No, I'll to Tavern, where being come,  
The first Attendant shews a Room.  
The next presents a glancing Lais,  
Like *Venus* in a *Venice*-Glas.

VVith that I knock, and as some Sprite,  
I conjure up pure Red, and White.

My Circle's a round Table; And,  
In midst thereof does *Hymen* stand,

VVith a light Tapour, when I call,  
To Celebrate my Nuptiall.

Here do I a *French* Madam place;  
And there a sweet-lipt *Spanish* Lais.

Here all in white a Lady dances,  
And there in Red another glances.

And, least mine Eye want fresh delight,  
Here sets *Claretta*, Red, and VWhite.

Nor do I Complement I tro',

But tell 'um plain, 'tis so, and so.

They struggle not, nor are they Coy;

But, I may what I will enjoy:

No, there's no Coile made for a kiss,

Though melting, melting, melting Bliss.

No shifting from the friendly Cup,  
 But I may freely all take up.  
 And in each face, if I so please?  
 I'll court mine own Effigies.  
 Who would not then on this Stage act *Narcissus*,  
 Where lively Lips so sweetly say come kiss us.



*Upon One pretending to Treat  
 His Wife with a Lobster, and put-  
 ting of her in Lobspound.*

[ 1 ]

**N**ews (Sirs) News from near the *Exchange*,  
 News indeed, and wonderous strange,  
 And what makes me the bolder.  
 It is a story of an Ass,  
 When *Oliver* took Horseback, was  
 [ 2 ] His Stirrop-holder.

[ 2 ]

His Wife, whom he suspected Light,  
 He to a Lobster did invite,  
 But she found no such matter:

I

For,

For, when unto the Place she came,  
 To treat Her Palate with the same,  
     Deile a bit, but Bread and Water.

## [ 3 ]

Unto an Apothecary,  
 Did the *Hosier* his Wife carry,  
     Stockt with neither groat, nor teaster:  
 Where a Fortnights famishment,  
 She found, and a lean-jaw'd *Lent*,  
     When she lookt for full-mouth'd *Easter*.

## [ 4 ]

Thus this woful, wicked Scab,  
 For a Lobster, gave a Crab,  
     A Crab that did so claw Her;  
 Her Husband did it for the nonce,  
 And tore the Flesh so from her bones,  
     He scarce cou'd know her, when he saw her.

## [ 5 ]

Did ever 'Pothecary think,  
 To Cure her with such Diet-drink?  
     A cruel, curs'd *Cromwellian*!

Though

# POEMS.

115

Though he false Knave, was in the Plot,  
Alas good Woman, she was not,  
Nor in the least Rebellion.

[ 6 ]

What pitty is it then, that she  
Should suffer for his Jealousie;  
Whom she had never injur'd:  
Because he at Bull-feather Fair,  
Had met a parcel of such Ware,  
Such Bread, was too much ginger'd.

[ 7 ]

Is this the way to tame a shrow?  
Believe me, I can't think it so:  
No wanton, nor no gadder;  
This was a course so curs'd, so sad;  
That, if indeed she had been mad?  
It must have made her madder.

[ 8 ]

Was this the way he did intend,  
The manners of his Wife to mend?  
I like not such forecasting:

For I am almost of the mind,  
That he this roguery design'd,  
To find her fresh and fasting.

## [ 9 ]

Might I now but have my will,  
I wou'd throw away my Quill,  
And equal to his merit:  
I wou'd to a Conduit bring,  
This crackt, and crasse, horn-mad thing,  
And souce Him for a spirit.

## [ 10 ]

But He's such a Knave in grain,  
Water wou'd be spent in vain.  
No, no, he has a debtor;  
That is an offended Wife,  
Will requite him to the life;  
And who can do it better?

---

SONG.



## S O N G.

[ 1 ]

**N**ow since we are met,  
 And a round, a round set,  
 Fresh Joyes to beget;  
 Come, bless my right hand with a Bowl,  
 A health to the King,  
 And him that will bring,  
 The like Offering,  
 'Tis he, 'tis he is an honest Soul.

[ 2 ]

No Coffee we use,  
 Our selves to abuse,  
 With plotting false Newes,  
 Then fill up my Glass to the brim:  
 In duty, and kindness,  
 All health to his Highness,  
 And to his Foes, *Finis*:  
 Till my Tongue like his Squadrons swim.

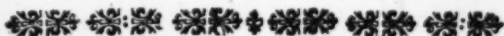
G.

I 3

Now

[ 3 ]

Now in the Seas bottome,  
 Let the *Dutch* besot 'um,  
 Till we have forgot 'um,  
 And tumble and tols to and fro:  
 Like Victors I think,  
 Now our Pockets chink,  
 'Tis just that we drink,  
 Since the *Dutch* are dead-drunk below.



*A Contest at the Hoop-Tavern  
 between two Lawyers.*

**T**WO *Lawyers* had of late a *Tavern-Jarr*,  
 And as 'twas made, 'twas try'd at *Bacchus Bar*,  
 The *Jury*, Pints, and Quarts, and Pottles were,  
 Each of a quick and understanding *Eare*,  
 Brought in their *Verd.&*, which no sooner pass'd,  
 But that the *Lawyers* they themselves did cast.  
*Sir Burdeaux* Claret, White, Signiour Canary,  
*Sir Reynold Rhenish*, with a *Certiorary*,

Whipt



Whipt up my Youths, (& they ye know were able)  
 This into th' Chimny, that beneath the Table,  
 Where They lay both, instead of a demur,  
 So foxt, that neither, in the case, could stir,  
 They might have else a *Writ of Error* got,  
 But, O the Error of the Pottle-pot !  
 Both over-thrown, and on their backs now laid,  
 Let the Sute fall, and their own charges paid.  
 And thus, though *Westminster* make *Clients* stoop,  
 The *Lawyers* Case was alter'd at the Hoop.



*An ELEGY upon Mrs. R. H.  
 who dyed for Love of a piteous  
 perfidious Presbyterian.*

U Nhappy Maid ! in this yet, ever blest,  
 Paid Love, and Nature, Debt, and Interest.  
 This happens not to common Souls, none save  
 The Noble-minded, love-deep as the Grave.  
 Disdain did smother what she else had spoke,  
 And to prevent complaint, her heart-strings broke;  
 Tamely submitting to her stubborn fate,  
 Lest Love abus'd should end in equal hate.

In this her Destiny seem'd kind, and witty,  
 Since he could slight his faith, to scorn his pitty:  
 Love, lovely Maid, like Lightning came to thee,  
 Dissolv'd the Steel, and set the Scabbard free,  
 Base minds had never understood his quirks,  
 Or Objects capable his Magick works.  
 Her passion she did in her bosome choak,  
 The flame was so all-pure, there was no smoak:  
 Her looks she did to her concerns estrange,  
 As her outside were ignorant of her change.  
 For as those Apples, which we *Sodom* call,  
 She flourish'd in the instant of her fall.

But, that the Object of her love was such,  
 So inconsiderable, troubled me much!  
 To rob her of her self, and honour too,  
 What is't a *Presbyterian* will not do!  
 Yet do not pitty her, though she be dead,  
 A Grave is safer, than a Traytor's Bed.  
 A miscreant, at Ends so base did drive,  
 Wou'd not permit her very Name survive.  
 Go, go, perfidious wretch, thy fate abide,  
 Fate that will find thee double homicide.  
 Yet, if thou canst: (I doubt it though) farewell;  
 But Conscience is a Prologue to thy Hell.  
 Whilst love'y *Rachel* has shakt off this life,  
 To be more happy, than to be a Wife.

Since

Since men turn women, and inconstant prove,  
 More welcome Death, than either life, or love.  
 Be this recorded for all dainty Dames,  
 Here lies a Maid martyr'd in her own flames.



*A. B. To an Old Woman was  
 afraid He would steal her Daugh-  
 ter, who was ugly, and crooked as a  
 Sythe, and Light withall.*

**S**Teal, didst thou think? and such a one as she?  
 I'd hang my self then for such felonie:  
 My breeding makes me civil, even to them,  
 Whom piety commands me not contemn;  
 But to make serious love to such a one,  
*Pigmalion*-like, I'd sooner court a Stone.  
 Preterimperfect piece. who wou'd come nigh her?  
 Warpt a to side with her own hot desire.  
 Such a mishap't, such a ship-timber'd quean,  
 An ill-grown crotch, of the Forest of *Dean*.  
 A bunch-backt Camel, or a ragged Staff,  
 An object cou'd not make me love, but laugh?  
 She's Nature's Paradox, Form's hypocrite,  
 For she too crooked is, and yet too right.

I'm

I'm not for *Dolphin* stamp, nor will I be  
 Put off with such a Four-pence hal'pennie:  
 No, (*Deborah*) thou Daughter of old *Al'ce*,  
 I love not high and low, a wench of *Wales*.  
 The second off-spring of the curled Ocean,  
 Whose Body shows its bendy-wavy motion.  
 Sure Nature thee did for some Pedlar make,  
 And gave thee this thy Budget at thy back.  
*Deb*: thy affection on some other hurle,  
 I am not bent to wed a crooked Girl.  
 But, if against my will, thou wilt be mine?  
 We'll wed at *Bow*, and at the *Dolphin* Dine.  
 Of this, be sure I shall have scold enuff;  
 For, though she hold her tongue, her back will huff.



*An ELEGY some Years after  
 the Death of his honoured Cousen  
 Mr. R. Cooke.*

**B**Ut now, to pump our Posthume Elegies?  
 Fye, fye; we but blaspheme his Obsequies.  
 No more, my Muse, for if our noise increase,  
 His very dust will bind us to the peace:

Wouldst

Wouldst thou revive his happy Memory ?  
And make Immortal that which cannot dye ?  
No, no, *Urania*; there remains no more,  
But to Excuse what we did not before.  
Let what is truth, give us this just relief ;  
We could not write at present for our grief ;  
Our sighs were deeper than his dusty Bed,  
And Fancy from the Face of sorrow fled.  
Whilst every heart so sunk beneath its moan,  
It might, for heaviness have been his Stone.  
Nay now, even now, after so many years,  
I drown my Eyes and Paper with my tears.

Of which, a Floud has blinded me so sore,  
As his, though cold, and cloz'd, can be no more.

Sleep on dear Dust, although with Head full low,  
Our Friend h'as paid that Debt to Nature now:  
That You, and I, and all Men living owe.

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*The Woman's Warre ; Or, the  
DUTCH beat to Dirt by the  
Frowes.*

**B**Ut are the *Hogan Mogan* grown so tame,  
The *Belgick* Lyon made the Womans game?  
Shall thus the froward Frowes with Basting ladle,  
Unstate the *States* out of the stately Sadle?  
Are they so childish grown? so dead i'th Nest,  
They must again by Women be undrest?  
To what a daring height will that Sex grow,  
If Lords, like Infants, must be swaddel'd so?  
What, is the *Starhouse* then turn'd *School*? that they  
Must have School-mistresses their Points untie.  
Are these the Chair-women to sweep the Rome?  
I fear me, they have swept it with *Trump's* broom.  
Who would a Sweeper of the *Sea* have bin,  
But Reformation they at home begin;

For

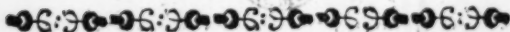
For these Virago's having other Ends,  
 Did their own *Stathouse* first of *Cobwebs* cleanse.  
 Frowes, that in private House no dirt endure,  
 Will not allow it in the Publick sure.  
 Who then knows whether the Precedencie,  
 Belongs to valour, or good huswiferie I (Lord;  
 The word quoth Frow, and then she beards the  
 Strange Army sure, where *Women* ask the word?  
 The word, the *Souldiers* guard, to *Women* give I  
 Nay, then trust *Aqua Vita* in a Sive.  
 They ask the word? I wou'd have given 'um none:  
 Women will give a hundred words for one:  
 I should have thought, soon as they were so bold;  
 To ask the word, they meant forth-wich to scold.  
 Give 'um the word; Give 'um the *Breeches* too:  
 Custome has taught the Sex first give it you.  
 Come, come, the Proverb our belief does wrong,  
 Woman has other weapons than her tongue.  
 Doubtless their duty they do much neglect,  
 Where Men do ill, and women must correct.  
 If *Husbands* thus be under hatches pent?  
 Next News will be a *Woman-Parliament*.  
 Where all for order-sake must out of course,  
 Bells ring the Ropes, and the Cart draw the Horse,  
 What then? you must a second *Chaos* see,  
 Of all things in the Female Anarchie.  
 The servile Sex the nobler will decrest;  
 And turn *Low-Country Amazons* at least.

Where

Where *Hercules* himself must once again,  
 Lay by his Club, and with his Distaff spin.  
 What is't the *Dutch* must not of out-rage feel,  
 When *Holland* Gorgets are turn'd into steel.  
 What can expected be, where Females sway,  
 Where they have sworn, and ought too, to obey  
 Men, that should be the head, must be the taile,  
 When Petticoats put on the Coat of Male.  
 If thus the Ladies lead the Lords a dance,  
 No *Saladine* must any shirt advance.  
 The *Hogan Frowes* would now, (O pretty sport)  
 Because they kept the *Shop* well, keep the *Courts*.  
 The *English* Dames that once subdu'd the *Danes*,  
 With honour were rewarded for their pains:  
 Whereat the *Frowes* to make their glory such,  
 Wou'd *Dane* their *Lords*, and do for them as much.  
 Wou'd these be thought the *Soveraigns* of the *Seas*  
 Lords, thus Bear-garden'd with *Mal-Cut-purses*?

If Women thus break the Republick pate?  
 Faith, we must have a Riding for the *State*.

Mart. Ep. *Hac jam feminea vidimus acta manu.*



F I N I S.



7.  
16